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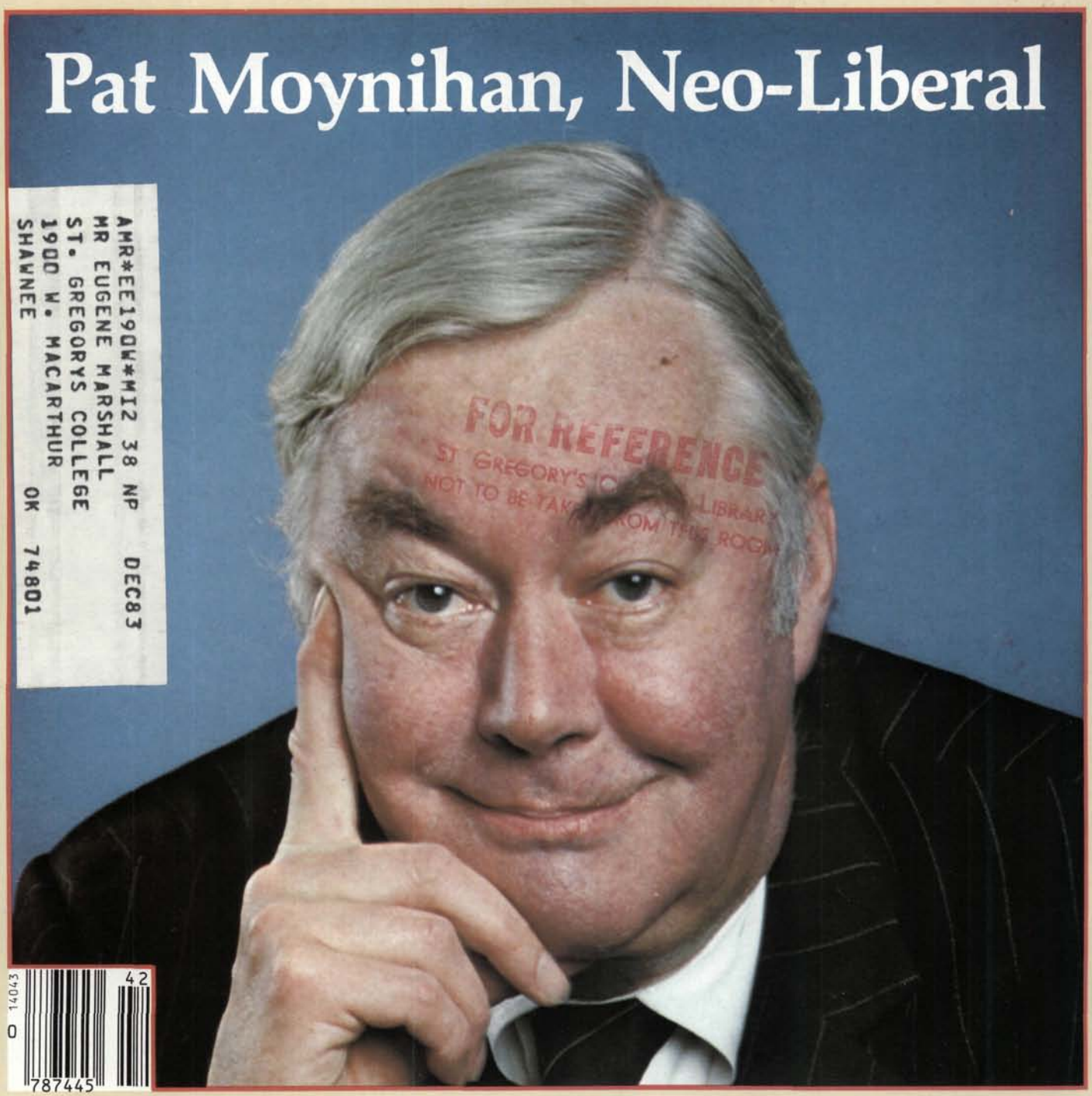

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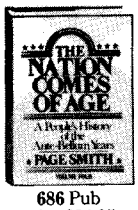

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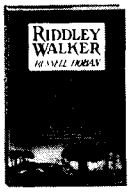

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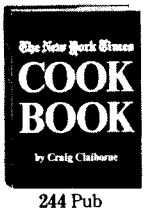

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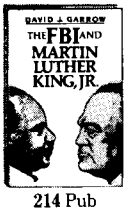

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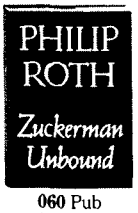

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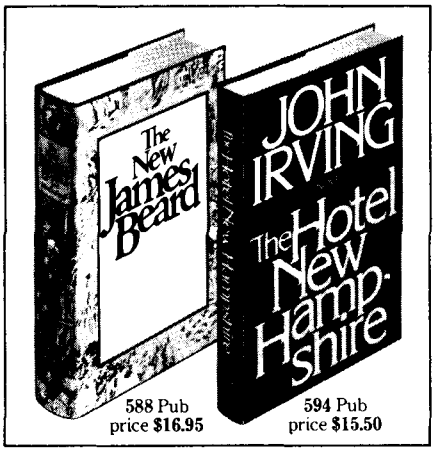

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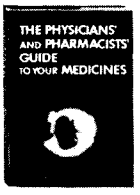

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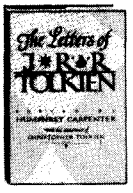

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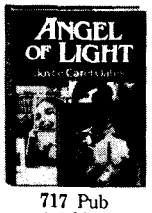

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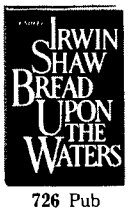

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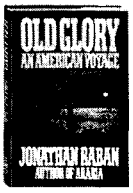

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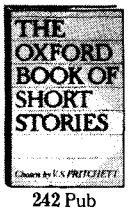

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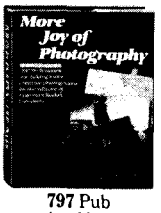

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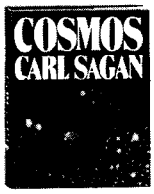

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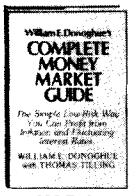

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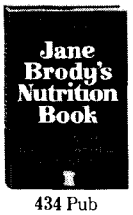

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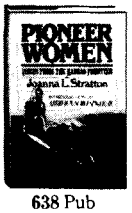

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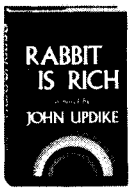

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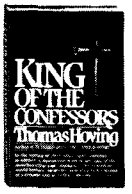

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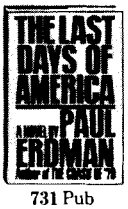

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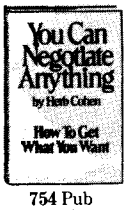

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FROM WASHINGTON

Capital Melodrama

I am sitting right under Martha Washington's portrait. It is the East Room of the White House and Ronald Reagan is about to hold his fourth press conference. (Franklin Roosevelt had held 60 at this point in his presidency.) Covering Washington is like watching the scenes of a drama, one following another, all flowing into each other. Just the other day Jimmy Carter and Rosalynn were here holding state receptions. Martha's husband, larger than life, looks down from the other side of this chamber where Abigail hung her washing when she first came to the unfinished mansion in the raw capital. There are parquet floors, cream walls, sunburst candelabra, gilt mirrors, all made into a Hollywood set by dazzling kleig lights. "The President of the United States!" shouts the protocol officer. We stand. He strides in, fit and smiling and well briefed. He isn't using teleprompters, those invisible screens on either side of the lectern through which he reads a prepared speech and seems to be talking just to you, with his eyes focused behind your head.

He won't sign legislation that will "bust the budget," he tells us. He insists he is going through with the Awacs deal. He isn't going to let Israel "make American foreign policy." He is relaxed, confident. Ten or twenty million people are watching him on TV and he is unruffled. But there is always the temptation to over-answer a question; he does so now. He will not permit Saudi Arabia "to be an Iran," he says; he will protect it from overthrow whether from outside or within. We gasp. What does he mean? He doesn't explain. It is a casual pledge, it seems, something like the one that got us into Korea and Vietnam. Has he enunciated a new Reagan Doctrine? He goes out, smiling and relaxed, with very red cheeks, surrounded by a scrimmage of reporters asking questions right down to the door, thrusting mikes into his face.

So that's one week. The mood has suddenly changed. Columnists writing about the press conference complain that questions weren't tough enough; we should have asked this or that. Everybody is being tough on Reagan. It is startling to go back and read the adulation of the honeymoon period. Now euphoria is mothballed. Why didn't Reagan clear his Awacs deal with Congress in the first place? Why didn't he strike a bargain with labor groups? Why hasn't he fixed the economy? The editorial pages find fault. It doesn't surprise me, but I think it is unfair. It isn't only Reagan's fault, it's the system. The 51 percent who voted for Reagan voted for a media-created Superman. Now reality is here. It happened to Carter; it's happening to Reagan. It happens to American Presidents more often than not.

So now let's pick another scene in the never-ending Washington melodrama, this one almost as overwhelming as the day of Pearl Harbor. Retired Admiral Stansfield Turner is telling chairman Chuck Percy, Republican of Illinois, and the rest of the Senate Foreign Relations committee why he originally opposed and now reluctantly supports the Awacs deal with Saudi Arabia. And word comes that Egypt's Anwar Sadat has been hit in an assassination attempt. Fortunately, the report says, he's not badly hurt; it's in the arm.

It is one of these drab congressional hearing rooms, sparsely filled, no advance text, world maps on the walls, a subdued, gloomy, almost frightened atmosphere. Percy calls Sadat "one of the noblest men I've every met," recalling the big scene at Camp David in September 1978 when Sadat and Begin reached an accord. A witness says we are so deep in the Awacs deal that we can't get out without great damage; he says that Israel should find a Palestinian agreement at all costs. The gray-haired, gray-suited admiral doesn't say, but implies, that Israel must use the chance while it has friendly Sadat. Percy leaves the room. When he comes back he says Vice President Bush has reported that Sadat is dead.

Up in the Senate press gallery they have the television on with Frank Reynolds switching to John McWethy at the Pentagon, and Barbara Walters in New York, and Sam Donaldson on the greensward before the White House, and Doreen Kays in Cairo, and we watch the stunned reactions as the machine hops around the world by satellite and we hear the ululating chant of the Koran from the minarets where they make peace or war. Those of us in the hearing room are curious enough, though we all take it for granted. The room has tiled floors from ancient patterns and baroque gilt mirrors and a brown marble fireplace that must have been here in Lincoln's time, and windows set in walls four feet thick. A couple of senators come in, John Chafee, Republican of Rhode Island, and George Mitchell, Democrat of Maine, and they want to tell us about their bill to control acid rain (25 million tons emitted annually in sulphur dioxide effluvia), and it sounds improbable. It all sounds improbable in an improbable world. So after they go the TV is turned on again and Barbara Walters is telling about Sadat's contempt of assassins: "I will not be taken one moment before my time!" he cries defiantly. He is shown with swarthy, shining face, the one Arab statesman who went to Jerusalem and said, "Enough of this, let us live in peace."

I look back in my notes to a happier day. Down off the mountain they came in Jimmy Carter's helicopter—Carter, Begin, Sadat—in September 1978 after the Camp David accord. There is pop-popping from the engine, the huge hulk lands delicately on the White House south lawn, the giant blades rotate. The door slides open and there they are, the three of them. The moon comes out full. They have created a miracle, we think; they have parted the Red Sea. It is prime time Sunday night and in a minute the nation sees the scene repeated on television (a mechanical miracle of a different sort). Inside they give thanks, a kind of prayer meeting. Carter starts, in his best Sunday school manner. He says that his prayers have been answered beyond any expectations. Sadat gives testimony next to "God Almighty"; tough little Begin follows. He praises God, too. Shalom, salaam. He is in fine fettle. They are all born again; what an unlikely trio for a revival: Arab, Jew, Christian. The first two are so jovial they ham it up. Look, they are hugging each other!

Ah, me; nobody knows what scene comes next in the melodrama. Sadat is gone; one wonders if his great trip to Jerusalem was all in vain?

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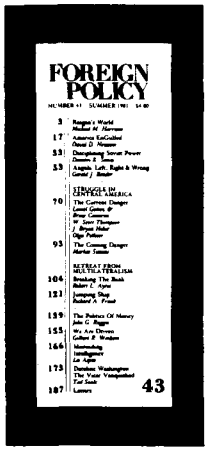

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
OCTOBER 21, 1981

ANWAR SADAT'S LEGACY

Great men change history. By that standard, Anwar Sadat was a great man. Whether his greatness will survive his assassination is a question whose answer lies now in the hands of others. Sadat produced astonishing transformations in the course of Egyptian history. He slowly but methodically buried Nasser's pan-Arab fantasy and replaced it with a proud yet tolerant Egyptian nationalism. (Nasser renamed his country the "United Arab Republic"; Sadat restored the banished word "Egypt.") The consequences of this move were enormous. Nasser's pan-Arabism led him into the quagmire of the Yemen civil war and the humiliating defeat by Israel in 1967; Sadat was only six months away from the full return of the territory that Nasser had lost. Nasser had turned his country over to the Soviet Union to fortify him in his "anti-imperialist" campaign against Israel; Sadat dismissed the Soviets and got the West to rebuild his army, pour billions into his economy, and restore his territory. Nasser's pursuit of entangling alliances wed him to irredentists and led him to war and defeat; Sadat made a historic turn and gained both peace and victory.

Sadat is gone. In the West he is mourned. American press and television gave his passing the kind of worshipful coverage accorded no foreign dignitary since Winston Churchill. Among his Arab brothers, news of his death brought rejoicing from those who utterly reject peace—there was dancing in the streets of Tripoli, Baghdad, and the PLO sections of Beirut—and sighs of relief from those who only fear it. Sadat was never short of enemies, and there is no paucity of candidates vying for the honor of having assassinated him. Within hours of the attack, the Independent Organization for the Liberation of Egypt, an Egyptian rejectionist group headquartered in Algiers, claimed credit. This may have been just an empty boast, but the group is headed by Saadeddin Shazli, Egyptian chief of staff in the 1973 Yom Kippur war and a bitter foe of Sadat's peace initiative. From Damascus and Tripoli Shazli had called again and again for the violent overthrow of Sadat; and on the day of the assassination, he called for the overthrow of Sadat's successors.

It is also possible, even likely, that Libya and the Soviet Union were involved. The Soviets train Libyan and PLO intelligence operatives and commandos. They also orchestrated a worldwide propaganda campaign against Sadat. As Henry Kissinger pointed out, for the Soviets to disclaim responsibility for the assassination just because they didn't give the final order would be like starting an avalanche and disclaiming responsibility for any deaths by arguing that the stones that killed the victims were not the ones used to start the process. Libya had never made any secret of its designs on Sadat. Colonel Muammar Qaddafi had already made several attempts on Sadat's life, at least one of which was foiled with the aid of Israeli intelligence. Within minutes of Sadat's shooting, and long before any official announcement, Libya hailed the death of a tyrant. The PLO, which murdered one of

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Sadat's closest advisers in Cyprus as an answer to his peace initiative with Israel, had also made clear its hatred for the traitor Sadat. Only a few months ago, after his visit to Washington, Sadat had to cancel a planned stop in Vienna because an assassination plot had been uncovered there. (Vienna had already been the site of several Palestinian terror attacks.) PLO security chief, Abu Iyad, said of Sadat's murder: "We shake the hand that fired the bullets. . . . Today Sadat, tomorrow [Sudan's President Jafaar] Numeiry, and all the remaining agents afterward."

DRAWING OF ANWAR SADAT BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Whatever the outside help, the assassins may have been of a more domestic variety—fanatical Islamic fundamentalists in the Khomeini tradition. There has been increasing fundamentalist violence in Egypt this year, leading to Sadat's recent crackdown on Muslim and Christian religious extremists. It is unlikely, however, that we will ever know the real reason for the assassination. Two of the attackers were killed and several captured. Now that they are in custody, the stories they tell will be shaped to conform to the requirements of whatever new history Vice President Hosni Mubarak and the other leaders intend to write for Egypt.

And this is the essential question facing Egyptians, Americans, Israelis, and the Arab world: what will that history be? Or, to put it another way, what will Mubarak do? It is impossible to answer that question accurately now. After all, when Sadat came to power after languishing in Nasser's shadow for many years, he was considered a lightweight and Moscow's man. Mubarak has been called "Sadat's Sadat." He is a former air force commander, studied for several years in the Soviet Union (as did many Egyptian military men of the time), coordinated the initial Egyptian air strikes in the 1973 war, was elevated to the vice presidency in 1975, and has since toiled quietly out of the limelight, filling in for Sadat at ceremonial occasions. There is no question as to who made the decisions and who carried them out. What will Mubarak's policies be toward East-West, Arab-Israel, or pan-Arab issues? In announcing Sadat's death, Mubarak did declare that he would carry on Sadat's policies. But that, of course, is exactly what Sadat said upon Nasser's death. Mubarak is likely to take a harder line toward Israel, although he is expected to observe at least the letter of the Camp David peace treaty in order to regain the last part of the Sinai, scheduled to be turned over to Egypt in 1982. He is, however, thought to be anxious to end Egypt's isolation in the Arab world and from the Soviet bloc. Of necessity this would come at the expense of Egypt's relations with Israel and the West.

That causes a dilemma for Egypt's two partners in the peace process: the United States and Israel. Israel's nightmare has been that in return for real and irrevocable concessions on the ground—territory, oil fields, air bases—it has received a promise of peace from a charismatic Egyptian leader. When Sadat goes, it was asked, what will happen to that promise? There were two answers to that question. First, that agreements are made between nations and not individuals. And second, that with time Sadat would succeed in bringing his nation along with him so that the peace policy would not depend on him alone. Unfortunately, the first assumption does not apply to nondemocratic countries where a change in leadership can lead overnight to radical changes in policy. That fact was amply demonstrated by Sadat himself, who repudiated the close ties that Nasser had established with the Soviet Union. As for the second assumption, Sadat's assassins have made sure that he did not have enough time to consolidate the peace process and make it an accepted part of the Egyptian consciousness. Thus, everything now depends on Mubarak. Israel will have to hang on his every word and action to see whether he is as reliable and honorable a partner as Sadat was. The two-thirds of the Sinai already given up is a *fait accompli*. Before

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giving up the remaining one-third, Israel will have to watch very carefully to see whether Mubarak lives up to Egypt's obligations under the peace treaty: full normalization of relations by the time of the final territorial exchange in April 1982, and strict limitations on the deployment of Egyptian military forces in the Sinai.

For the United States, the passing of Sadat is almost as great a shock as it is for Israel. His sudden removal from the scene dramatized not so much the instability of Middle Eastern nations as their lack of assured continuity of policy. Such continuity can be assured only by the institutional structures of democracy. The Italian government, for example, is arguably more unstable than Egypt's; it has more changes of government in a year than Egypt has in a decade. But because the institutional structures in Italy remain in place, as they do in all democracies, and because they do not depend on one man, change at the top does not threaten revolutionary changes in national direction. The danger in the Middle East, even in those nations where changes of government are infrequent, is the potential for radical discontinuity. Kassim's revolution in Iraq in 1958, Qaddafi's revolution in Libya in 1969, Sadat's quiet revolution in Egypt in the early 1970s, and now Khomeini's revolution in Iran all precipitated radical changes in national outlook, international alliances, and even their people's sense of national identity.

THE RISK to those countries that stake their own security on such potentially changeable regimes is enormous. After the fall of the shah, the U.S. based its Middle Eastern strategy on the twin pillars of Egypt and Saudi Arabia. The awful anxiety the U.S. is now experiencing is a direct result of its having staked so much on countries whose direction can be changed by a single bullet. What happens now to the multimillion-dollar U.S. military facility at Ras Banas? What will happen to the joint Egyptian-American military exercises planned for November and hailed as a prototype of annual demonstrations of U.S.-Egyptian cooperation? And what will happen to the rapid deployment force which depends heavily upon Sadat's promise to allow it to operate out of his territory? No one knows. But the lesson is clear. And it is the same lesson that we should have learned from the fact that NATO is our only alliance that has endured, while SEATO, CENTO, and our other alliances of convenience have met ignominious ends. The only permanent allies of the United States are the democracies. In Europe that means the NATO countries, however obstreperous, and in the Middle East that means Israel. When there are changes in government in these nations, the U.S. doesn't have to hold its breath over whether its strategic interests will be protected. That does not mean, of course, that the United States cannot have other friends; it means only that to delude oneself into believing that these friends are on the same order as permanent democratic allies is to ignore a generation of history.

Some senators, panicked by the death of Sadat, have rushed to embrace that delusion. One of them, Orrin Hatch, Republican of Utah, announced that he had changed his mind about the Awacs sale and that it was time to rally to our one friend in the region—Saudi Arabia. Considering that the Saudis had boycotted Sadat, broken relations with him, supported the rejectionists, financed the PLO, and worked to ostracize Sadat after his peace initiative, Hatch's attempt to use Sadat's murder as a justification for a weapons sale to a regime that tried so hard to undermine him is just short of obscene. There are some conservative Republican senators who, although convinced that the Awacs sale is contrary to U.S. strategic interests in the Persian Gulf, do not want to embarrass their President. They have desperately searched for an honorable way to cross the line and support Administration policy. They begged the Saudis for a compromise on joint control; they were rudely turned down. They asked Alexander Haig for some firm assurances to safeguard the security of these advanced weapons systems; Haig was unable to accommodate them. Now, under the cover of the sorrow and confusion surrounding Sadat's death, some will bolt to the President's side. Perhaps that is inevitable. But at least they—and Hatch in particular—should be shamed into admitting that their reasons for doing so are political, and not in the national interest. For if the Sadat assassination showed anything, it is that the sources of instability in the Middle East are not external but internal. Iran suffered a massive invasion from Iraq last year, but when the present regime collapses it will, like the shah's, collapse from the inside. The dangers to Egypt and Iran and Saudi Arabia do not come from frontal assaults across frontiers. They come from internal disaffection, fanatical fundamentalists, irreconcilable irredentists, or, as King Idris learned in Libya in 1969 and Farouk learned 17 years earlier in Egypt, from an ambitious officer corps. Huge weapons sales to demonstrate our support for regimes arguably may deter outside aggression. But they do nothing to shore up regimes internally. The billions that the U.S. poured into Sadat's armed forces provided him no safety from assassination. Those senators who now rush to the President's side and proclaim our need to give Awacs to advertise our support for the Saudi regime are missing the point. Awacs cannot detect six men in a jeep, armed with grenades and submachine guns.

It would be unfortunate if we compounded one catastrophe in the Middle East with another. The best

COMING
Egypt After Sadat.

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way to reassure Saudi Arabia, Israel, and the other nations of the Middle East is to provide a steady hand to Egypt, not to rush around looking for new surrogates. The Administration should express its support for the new government, its willingness to continue a very high level of economic and military support, and its expectation that Egypt will continue the policy of friendship with the U.S. and detente with Israel.

Some, like the Prime Minister of Lebanon, now say that "it was Camp David that killed Sadat." Others, like former U.S. ambassador to Egypt, Hermann Eilts, merely imply as much. This is a lie. Sadat was killed not by Camp David but by the enemies of Camp David. Sadat pursued a policy in the Middle East that was in the interest of his country and of peace. The happy coincidence of these two objectives is a rare event in the foreign policy of any country. Sadat was one of those uncommon, almost mythical, figures willing to take the risk to change history. All that we can do now is mourn him and try to honor his memory by actively encouraging his successors not to abandon his legacy.

Washing The Window

What the bomber gap was to the 1950s and the missile gap was to the early 1960s, the "window of vulnerability" has been to the 1970s and early 1980s. The nightmare scenario is by now fairly familiar: sometime in the mid-1980s and lasting into the 1990s, the Soviet Union possesses enough accurate nuclear warheads to destroy the U.S. land-based missile and bomber arsenal in a surprise first strike. In a crisis, the Soviet Union actually uses that capability, leaving the U.S. with only its submarine-based missiles, which can devastate Soviet cities but are neither accurate nor numerous enough to destroy the remaining Soviet missiles and still have some left over. The U.S. response, therefore, would have to be a strike against Soviet cities; and whoever was President (goes the "window" reasoning) would hesitate to do this, even though 10, 20, or 30 million Americans had been killed in the initial attack, because he'd know the Soviets could use their remaining missiles against American cities, threatening the U.S. as a functioning civilization. A more sophisticated corollary to this crude thesis is that the scenario would not have to be played out to achieve its effect. The mere existence of the scenario, with its psychology of a triumphant Russia and a supine America, would enable the Soviets to bully the U.S. into backing down and letting them have whatever they happened to want at the time—Iran's oil fields, say.

The window-of-vulnerability thesis always has been open to challenge, principally on the grounds that no Soviet leader could ever be confident enough of his own missiles—or his reading of an American President—to think seriously of launching, or even threatening to launch, a first strike. As Dean Rusk put it in a recent article in the *Washington Post*, "Several hundred nuclear missiles aimed at 'military' targets, with their accompanying cones of deadly fallout and the fatal pollution of the earth's atmosphere, cannot be distinguished from an all-out nuclear strike except by playing with words unrelated to the real world." Nevertheless, window-think steadily gained intellectual and political support during the 1970s, pushed by strategists such as former Deputy Defense Secretary Paul Nitze, by his Committee on the Present Danger, and by right-wing politicians, including Ronald Reagan. Intellectually, the vulnerability people succeeded in displacing the comparatively comfortable old theory of mutual assured destruction, which held that the U.S. and the Soviet Union were equally deterred from launching a first strike (and therefore could feel secure) because each possessed the power to inflict "unacceptable damage" on the other. Politically, Mr. Reagan used the vulnerability issue against President Ford in the 1976 Republican primaries, and he and his allies used it against President Carter's SALT treaty in 1979 and 1980.

Even among some people who doubted that the U.S. would be truly vulnerable, the argument had its impact. For example, Mr. Carter's Defense Secretary, Harold Brown, finally arrived at this position: yes, the Soviets probably wouldn't dare launch a first strike, but the perception of even theoretical U.S. vulnerability has important consequences, emboldening the Soviets and weakening the resolve of the U.S. and its allies. Mr. Brown's Pentagon studied hard and invented a complicated, expensive contraption for "closing" the window of vulnerability: the "racetrack" mobile MX missile system, consisting of 200 missiles with ten warheads each to be shuttled over thousands of miles of specially built highways in Utah and Nevada and hidden among 4,600 shelters so the Soviets would not know where to hit them. For Mr. Carter, the racetrack proposal was the political price he thought he had to pay to win Senate ratification of SALT II. For Mr. Brown, SALT II was necessary to limit Soviet warheads to less than the number required to destroy the 4,600 MX shelters.

RONALD REAGAN has always been against the MX racetrack scheme, and against SALT as well. He said he opposed the racetrack because the Soviets could simply build enough warheads to overcome it, which is true enough—in the absence of SALT limitations. But he also opposed it because it was slated to be located in two of the most pro-Reagan states in the nation, one of which is represented in the Senate by his good friend, Paul Laxalt. Residents of Utah and Nevada, seldom previously in the forefront of antiwar

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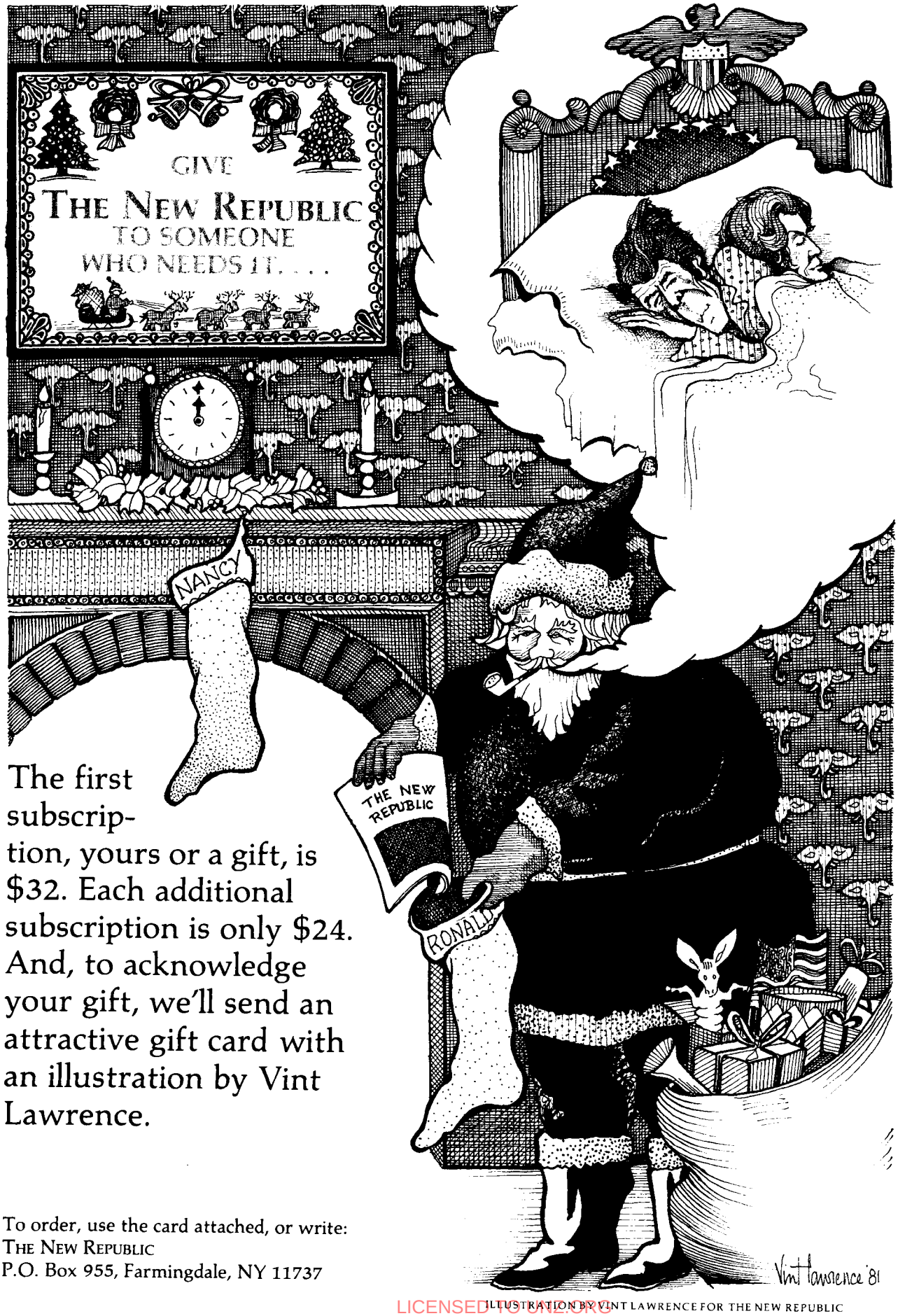

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and antinuclear movements, nevertheless have served as an inspiration and example to Americans and Europeans determined to keep nuclear weapons out of their own backyards. Mr. Reagan has decided to dump the racetrack but keep the MX, basing the first 36 missiles in silos that currently house aging Titan missiles.

IN THE process of dropping the racetrack mode, Mr. Reagan may have begun a historic move away from the whole window-of-vulnerability theory. The first 36 MX missiles, after all, will be just as "vulnerable" as the Titans they replace, and far more than the mobile missiles envisioned in Mr. Carter's scheme. The Administration does not admit to abandoning its cherished concept, of course. On the contrary, Mr. Reagan and Defense Secretary Weinberger cited it anew in announcing the Administration's new strategic buildup. But by putting off any fast moves to close the window, they have implicitly suggested that it is either something to be lived with, or is not so serious as first believed, or both. Not until 1984, the Administration said, will the U.S. decide among three potential ways of protecting land-based missiles: putting them on perpetually flying airplanes, putting them in deep shelters inside mountains, or guarding them with antiballistic missiles. The drawbacks of each of these modes lead some defense experts to predict that none will ever be put into effect. Instead, they say, come 1984, President Reagan will announce that his comprehensive review finds that the problems connected with a Soviet strike are so great that no Soviet planner would dare to contemplate one. That would enrage Senator John Tower, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Harold Brown, and other believers in the window of vulnerability even more than his weapons announcement of last week, but Mr. Reagan could get away with it in the same way that only Richard Nixon (who made it impossible for any predecessor to do so for 20 years) could go to Communist China.

Ronald Reagan could also negotiate a strategic arms limitation treaty—or the strategic arms reduction treaty he says he wants—and get it through the Senate in a way that Jimmy Carter couldn't. We hope he will get on with the talks quickly, for three reasons. First, because only by limiting the Soviet arsenal will we have any basis for counting and judging what they are doing. Second, because our land-based missiles, submarine pens, and strategic air bases will be less vulnerable the fewer missiles the Soviets have. And third, because only progress on arms control will calm pressure for unilateral disarmament growing in Europe and sure to begin growing here.

We strongly supported Mr. Carter's SALT treaty, but if Mr. Reagan can negotiate a deep-cut START treaty, more power to him. Mr. Reagan's announced strategy is to signal the Soviets that the U.S. will embark on a vast strategic buildup if they do not come to terms. Some observers interpreted Mr. Reagan's October 2 announcement as undermining that strategy by reducing the proposed MX force from Mr. Carter's recommended 200 missiles (with 2,000 warheads) to 100 (with 1,000 warheads). However, unnoticed by most commentators, Mr. Reagan's program does in fact signal an increase in U.S. first-strike capability. The program calls for equipping nine Trident submarines with D-5 missiles (24 per boat, ten warheads to the missile), which, together with the MX, will give the U.S. more than 3,000 high-accuracy warheads—enough, in theory, to destroy the Soviet land-based missile force of 1,400 missiles. The Soviets have a far greater percentage of their deterrent forces on land than the U.S. does, so that in the 1990s the window of vulnerability will be theirs, not ours. The Soviets would seem to have two choices: build more missiles and put more to sea, at great expense, or negotiate meaningful reductions. The Soviets have proved they can drain their domestic economy to build weapons—it's the only thing they actually do well—but presumably they would rather not. We hope Ronald Reagan would rather not, too—that he is building first-strike weapons as negotiating instruments and insurance policies, not because he really wants to have them.

Mr. Reagan's strategic program can hold out hope to a world growing ever more fearful of the inevitability of nuclear war only if serious arms control talks become an integral part of it. An unending race on both sides for superiority or invulnerability offers no such hope. In the broadest sense, the real window of vulnerability is the one that opened in 1949, when the United States lost its nuclear monopoly. The gigantic arsenals that have been built in the years since have brought little true security to either side. The intermittent arms control process of the past dozen years, fitful and inadequate as it has been, has seemed to offer a much more productive path to security. Whatever their other differences, the United States and the Soviet Union have an overwhelming mutual interest in returning to that path—and the sooner the way is cleared, the better.

SO WE hopefully (though nervously) support Mr. Reagan's strategic program, with the understanding that arms talks are a part of it. To the extent we understand their full implications, we also support his proposed improvements in command, control, and communications capability. Vulnerable and unreliable warning and communications equipment is dangerous to the world's health. That much is confirmed every time a computer registers a false alarm of incoming missiles. But congressional committees had better use their hearings on this proposal to ensure that the Administration is not sliding down the slippery slope from wanting the capability to deter "limited" nuclear wars to assuming that they can be fought and won.

The final major piece of Reagan's package—the B-1

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bomber—seems as unnecessary now as it was when Mr. Carter wisely put it out of its misery in 1977. The plane will not be available until 1987, when it will be vulnerable to Soviet air defenses, and by the mid-1990s the U.S. should have the Stealth bomber, which presumably will be less vulnerable. In the meantime, the Air Force can use the old B-52s as platforms to carry cruise missiles, or can even put them on modified Boeing 707s if the B-52s grow too decrepit. The $20 billion that would be saved on the B-1 could be applied to conventional military preparedness—the safest shield against a land grab by the Soviets—or even to measures to help the needy and secure domestic tranquility.

Quiet prosperity, cautious change.

Hungarian Evolution

Budapest

NO COUNTRY has more to fear from the end of detente than Hungary. Over the past ten years the country has performed an economic miracle that draws it much closer to the West and further from economic domination by the Soviet Union and the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance. These changes, which the Soviet Union has tolerated in the context of detente, represent a formidable achievement not only for Hungary but also for Western Europe, especially West Germany, which is now Hungary's second-largest trading partner. Since Hungary is the economic envy of all the Comecon countries, it provides a model for the kind of development the Soviet Union will tolerate. Leonid Brezhnev even praised Hungary's agriculture, with its heavy reliance on private enterprise, which has resulted in an endless stream of Soviet agricultural experts coming to observe Hungarian farming cooperatives.

Hungary retains a strong political allegiance to Moscow, but its economic relations tell a different story. Its exports to Communist countries declined almost five percent from 1979 to 1980, and exports to non-Communist countries increased in the same period by more than five percent. There is no doubt that trade within Comecon is stagnating, a fact that one Hungarian economist tried to excuse on the specious grounds that all Communist countries are trying equally hard to improve their exports over their imports. It means in fact that they value trade with the West more than trade with each other. Janos Fekete, vice president of the Hungarian National Bank and the country's foremost economist, has written that the Comecon system is doomed unless it abandons its "bilateral approach to foreign trade [which] is opposed to a more advanced—multilateral—system of financial settlements."

Far from fretting over the fate of Comecon, Hungary is moving out on its own, with such innovations as a joint-venture Levi Strauss factory in southwest Hungary, which produces a million pairs of jeans a year. The country started an investment bank, one-third of which is owned by Hungary and two-thirds by Western and Japanese private banks. There are more than 12,000 privately licensed companies in Hungary, each permitted to have up to 15 employees; soon they will be allowed 30.

"A young man in Hungary," said the editor of a Budapest magazine, "wants his Coca Cola, his disco, his Adidas. He doesn't care about politics. He lives like a Westerner." The editor attributes this progress to detente and thinks America is foolish to switch from economic competition with the Soviet Union to military competition. "Detente showed where America was strongest and the Soviet Union weakest—in economics."

The problem, of course, is that such victories are not as clear-cut as those produced by military adventurism. Hungary is not about to declare political independence, despite its growing economic autonomy. It has been allowed its present latitude in part because of its intransigent political stance behind the Soviet Union. But from the banks of the Danube in Budapest, Hungary appears to be paying a very small price for its achievements. Censorship is largely confined to not offending the Soviet Union. Lech Walesa, the leader of Solidarity, has even been seen on Hungarian television, an unprecedented event in Eastern Europe outside of Poland. Hungarians sharply questioned him about the responsibility Solidarity will take for productivity of its workers.

THE QUESTIONS reflected Hungary's wariness about events in Poland. Though the two countries have a long history of close ties (going back to Zsigmond Bathory, who ruled both countries in the 17th century), the Poles will elicit little real sympathy from Hungary until they have solved their economic problems. Poles are recognizable in Budapest streets for the giant boxes of soap powder they cart out of the full and prosperous Hungarian shops. Though Hungarians have plenty of encouragement to offer the Poles, they want no part of a struggle that may lead to direct confrontation with the Soviet Union.

The only way for Poland to have any impact on Hungary would be for the Poles to salvage their economy with their political gains held intact. The United States's reluctance to provide substantial economic aid in Poland's distress has benefited the Soviet Union by keeping the Polish experience from influencing the other Communist countries. This is especially true of Hungary, which has been able to follow its own course of economic independence as long as it does not

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threaten the power of the Hungarian Socialist Workers Party. One Budapest intellectual who admitted to "rooting for Poland from the sidelines" commented that "if only Poland could solve its economic problems, we don't know what it would produce here. It would show that other options *do* exist and a monopoly of power is not the only way."

As much as Hungarians would like to see America help Poland, they do not want to see their own country involved. Their worst fear is being forced to send troops in the "fraternal aid" ordained by the Brezhnev doctrine. Hungarians privately note that troop movements have been observed within the country. But even less drastic measures, like sending economic aid, do not sit well with Hungarians, who are preparing for what their government warns will be harder times ahead. As of October 1 the country instituted a uniform exchange rate, the first step toward a convertible currency. This move, the first of its kind by a Communist country, shows a newfound willingness to adapt to world market prices. (Comecon trade is based on prices fixed at the average of five years' world market prices, a far lower figure.) Hungarians will not be allowed to convert their forints freely for dollars, but neither will the country's industrial imports and exports have the advantage of an artificially low exchange rate. The change has not been highly touted in the local press. It is couched in terms that emphasize the need to tighten belts and become more competitive.

AN END to detente would mean more than curtailing trade with the West. Hungary's economic experiment has had profound social implications, some of which are just beginning to emerge. A harsher political climate could take a heavy toll on the liberalization taking place within the economy and throughout society. Economists in the country are purposely limiting growth in order to hold down inflation and bring about an ordered response to world market forces. The living standard is stagnating. Official figures show a two percent drop in 1980.

But in compensation for this austerity, services are being improved, individual initiative is being encouraged, and a greater emphasis is being put on quality production to justify higher prices. Large chains of retail stores and restaurants are renting out their smaller, less profitable units as private enterprises, a move that increases the large firms' profitability, gives scope for more private enterprise, and guarantees continued consumer service where it might otherwise be curtailed. A Hungarian Communist Party central committee member, referring to the once-embarrassing subject of private enterprise in Hungary, puts it turgidly but unmistakably: "It is expedient to approach the complimentary economy primarily from the material angle, from the angle of production and the demands met by it, and not treat it as a phenomenon of distribution or class consciousness or morality."

Decentralization implies a recognition of interests distinct from the state and the party. Hungarians are beginning to take these various interests more seriously than just as economic necessities. If decentralization is being encouraged economically, it is also being taken as a political reality, where the various elements in the society now have lobbies and interest groups representing them before the country's policy-making organs. "The party is becoming a clearinghouse of interests and ideas," said an official of the National Bank of Hungary who, as an architect of Hungary's economic development, knew of the social implications long before they had filtered through the economy. The trade union takes an active stand on behalf of the workers, the chamber of commerce represents the managerial class (which enjoys substantial profit-sharing incentives), and rural councils protect the interests of the highly prosperous peasantry. A new shops stewards' organization within the trade unions has threatened work stoppages at factories that failed to improve working conditions and got more than half a dozen managers fired for not adequately consulting with workers.

THE MODEL of development that Hungary presents to other Communist countries represents a distinct reorientation, allowing economics to predominate over politics. In one sense it can be considered a return to pure Marxism, though of course the encouragement of private enterprise and individual interests is hardly what Marx had in mind. In its limited way, Hungary is also moving toward the kinds of civil liberties that exist more forcefully but in a much more fragile economic setting in Poland.

For now, at least, Hungary presents a more likely model of internal development in Eastern Europe, masking extraordinary domestic advancement behind unswerving loyalty to the Soviet Union. Hungary's mask must not be mistaken for the real face behind it. At a time when West Europeans are showing a renewed bout of anti-Americanism, Hungarians remain steadfastly admiring of everything American, from bluejeans to pop music. The United States ought not allow the East-West schism to blind it to the extraordinary gains Hungary has brought to its people in the 25 years since Soviet tanks crushed Hungarian revolution. Trade between America and Hungary rose 40 percent since Most Favored Nation status was granted in 1978, but Hungary struggles against the need for annual renewal of MFN and—even more—relative ignorance of a country that represents, after all, a genuine American victory in the seemingly unrewarding years of detente.

FRANK LIPSIUS

Frank Lipsius is a New York correspondent for the London *Financial Times*.

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When the spectrum shifted, the Senator suddenly looked different.

PAT MOYNIHAN, NEOLIBERAL

BY FRED BARNES

ONE SATURDAY last March, more than 1,000 reporters, congressmen, and Administration luminaries (including the President) gathered in a Washington hotel for the annual dinner of the Gridiron Club. By long custom, the event features two speakers, a Democrat and a Republican. This year the Democrat was Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, known for both mordant humor and high-flying rhetoric. As expected, he was both irreverent and soaring. President Reagan, he said, was really a "mole" planted by liberals "to destroy the Republican Party from within" by pursuing outlandishly right-wing policies. "Mr. President, you've been perfect," Moynihan said. Everyone had fallen for Reagan's conversion from an Americans-for-Democratic-Action liberal to an unswerving conservative. "The other day the publisher of *Forbes* magazine paid a bundle for a canceled $50 check you made out to A.D.A. Poor capitalist tool. It would never occur to him that for years now A.D.A. might as well have been paying you."

The President smiled as Moynihan spoke, but budget director David Stockman fidgeted anxiously. An *au pair* boy at Moynihan's home in Cambridge, Massachusetts, when he was a divinity student and Moynihan a Harvard professor, Stockman was not visibly amused by Moynihan's teasing. "Dave was everything you could dream of in a mole," Moynihan said. "Corn-fed and cowlicked, he was the best boob bait for conservatives ever to come out of the Middle West. . . . I have never known a man capable of such sustained self-hypnotic ideological fervor. One day he arrives at Harvard preaching the infallibility of Ho Chi Minh. Next thing you know he turns up in Washington proclaiming the immutability of the Laffer curve."

After the jokes, Moynihan spoke in defense of an institution that had been the target of virtually every politician's public wrath in the 1980 election: government. Democrats have endured, he said, "because at heart we have embodied a great idea, which is that an elected government can be an instrument of the common purpose of a free people, [and] can embrace great causes, and do great things. . . . We believe in American government and we fully expect that those who now denigrate it, and even despise it, will soon or late find themselves turning to it in necessity, even desperation. When they do, they will find the Democratic Party on hand to help. And when at length they learn how much is demanded of those who would govern—we will be back." When the time came for Stockman to give the Republican speech, his response to Moynihan was lame. Moynihan, triumphant, seemed to be on the verge of political acclaim as a real spokesman for his party. But two days later Reagan was shot. The Moynihan performance was forgotten.

It shouldn't have been, for it marked the initial skirmish between Reagan conservatism and the Democrat who has become perhaps its most forceful and effective foe. Once dismissed by many Democrats as a renegade or worse, Moynihan is now fleshing out an ideology that promises the party a chance to halt its alarming decline and hoist itself back into power. Moynihan calls it the traditional liberalism of the "Kennedy Democrat" variety (he means John F. Kennedy), but neoliberalism might be a more accurate name for it. It is certainly not the same as neoconservatism, the political current which carried intellectuals like Moynihan, Irving Kristol, Nathan Glazer, and Norman Podhoretz in a rightward direction in the late 1960s and 1970s. They grew skeptical of liberal domestic schemes and fearful that the nation's military defenses were lagging. But Moynihan was always different, culturally and politically, from the neoconservatives. Many are Jewish intellectuals who treat politics solely as an ideological exercise; Moynihan is Irish and took his first political job in 1955 as an aide to New York Governor Averell Harriman.

Moynihan's political pilgrimage began sooner. In 1960 he backed John F. Kennedy for the Democratic presidential nomination, at a time when nearly all his liberal friends in Cambridge and New York were supporting Adlai Stevenson. He began criticizing liberal domestic policies in the mid-1960s and joined the Nixon White House in 1969. Many who later emerged as neoconservatives were still in their social democratic phase during this period. By the time they had

Fred Barnes is national political reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*.

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swept the neoconservative movement to the brink of pure conservatism—Reaganism—Moynihan had disembarked. When he ran for the Senate five years ago, he was trying to woo a liberal constituency and was no longer free to drift to the right.

What makes Moynihan a neoliberal instead of merely a liberal? For one thing, he has unflinchingly confronted the detritus of 1960s liberalism: the failed social programs, the sluggish bureaucracy, the unintended economic consequences of lavish government spending. No less important, he has accepted as wholly legitimate the popular issues that stir the middle-class masses. Many liberals don't. He favors reducing the size and scope of government, balancing the budget, slashing taxes, and rebuilding the military. Moynihan believes the Democratic Party began to collapse in the 1960s, when it came to be viewed as the party of big government, deficit spending, high taxes, and military weakness. He insists that "the first thing we have to do is realize the degree to which the public thinks we are wrong on all the issues."

UNLIKE the Democratic "boll weevils" in the House, though, Moynihan is not eager to transform the Democratic Party into a second conservative party. Although he advocates more defense spending, he does not plug for exotic weaponry. He praises tax cutting without adopting the supply-side rationale. His plan for a balanced budget does not entail dismantling sizable chunks of the federal government. Moynihan manages to extol government without sounding like an apologist for big government. This is no easy trick for a Democrat. When former Vice President Walter Mondale stepped forward last summer with his first major attack on the Reagan Administration, he paid lip service to trimming government, then proceeded to laud program after program. It appealed to his Urban League audience, but it was not the sort of speech likely to spur a Democratic revival. "Being good at government," says Moynihan, "means knowing when you are getting too much [government] and knowing when you aren't." This is a lesson that appears to have eluded both Mondale and Reagan.

Moynihan has been selective in his support of government programs. He permitted the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act public service jobs program to expire without complaint. But he has vigorously protested budget cuts in programs that aid families and "children in need." Of course, it is politically safer to champion welfare for needy children than for idle adults. But there is a significant policy distinction here as well. Moynihan favors programs of direct aid to the poor, not programs that involve the creation of more jobs for officials and planners. Thus, at the same time that he advocates cuts in overall spending, he calls for increasing welfare payments to "dependent families and their children." "What do Republicans propose for these children and their families?" he asked last spring. "To slash welfare benefits and food stamp benefits. And to reverse the one real instance of progress that we made in social policy in the previous four years, namely the . . . new program of aid to families adopting hard-to-place foster care children." This program was spared because of Moynihan's efforts, and he complains that he got no help from liberal lobbyists. In previous years, "If you weren't in there seeking a 150 percent increase in their programs, you got some contemptuous looks. You were for a fake, 110-percent sellout. Now that we're abolishing programs, where are all the great liberal lobbies? You can shoot deer in the halls."

To listen to Moynihan defend his views on tuition tax credits—that is, public support of parochial and private schools—is to glimpse the complexity of his particular brand of ideology. The arguments he uses in support of what has long been a liberal bugaboo reflect a fascinating mixture of liberal and traditional values. He will argue that the parochial schools have actually achieved the racial integration and harmony that liberals only dream about; a moment later, he will point out that the discipline of the parochial schools gives children a sense of security and direction they aren't likely to get in the public schools. And then he will twit his liberal interlocutor for anti-Catholic prejudice. It's a slippery and infuriating argument; there is, after all, a very good principled case for the proposition that tuition tax credits are a bad idea. But often there's just enough truth in Moynihan's accusation that he manages to leave his opponent badly stung.

MOYNIHAN'S most successful fight with the Reagan Administration was over cuts in Social Security. It took no special courage or perspicacity to oppose the sweeping cuts proposed by the President last May. But what hastened the rout of the Administration's plan was the cleverness of Moynihan's tactic and the clarity of his argument. The tactic was the nonbinding resolution. It allowed Republicans to call for undiminished Social Security payments without actually voting down the President's plan. The Senate vote was 96 to 0, and the Administration was inflicted with its first legislative embarrassment. Within days it tremulously pulled away from the plan.

That does not end the story on Social Security, though. When Reagan addressed the nation before the vote on his tax cut in July, Democrats in Congress expected him to hold forth on Social Security, too. Moynihan was picked to deliver the "Democratic response" on television. The President didn't mention Social Security, it turned out, but Moynihan dwelled on it, skewering the rationale for Reagan's proposed cuts.

> Let it be clear: we do not charge bad faith. It's just that the Administration had this magic theory of taxation which they thought would solve all their problems, which I suppose is a way of saying they were new to national

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government. The illusion held on. Older Americans who happen to be on the mailing list of the Republican National Committee received a newsletter last May. It said, 'President Reagan Keeps Promise. Retirement Benefits Go Untouched.'

But on May 12, even as that newsletter was being mailed out, the Administration proposed devastating reductions in those Social Security programs. It was that or face a huge deficit in 1984, the next presidential year. You see, any money not paid out as Social Security benefits remains in the Treasury. The proposed benefit cuts of about $80 billion over five years would have nearly balanced the budget.

Was this playing politics with Social Security? It surely was. . . . What they were doing, now that they realized their tax magic wasn't going to work, was try another magic. They would convince everyone that the Social Security system was going bankrupt. . . . If they could panic people about bankruptcy, they reasoned, no one would object to slashing Social Security benefits. This in turn would build up a surplus in Social Security, thereby offsetting the budget deficit.

It didn't work.

Nor did the scaled-down Reagan plan to postpone the cost-of-living increase for Social Security benefits. The President was forced to back away from that proposal. Moynihan had urged all along that the retirement fund be replenished temporarily with money from the other two Social Security funds, both of them with surpluses. While that was keeping Social Security solvent, the Administration and Democrats could work out a consensus on long-term changes. Reagan balked at first, but in September he proposed exactly what Moynihan had called for months earlier.

ALONE among Democrats, Moynihan envisions the Reagan Administration as a "great era of tax reform," not simply tax cuts. Reagan pushed through an overly generous tax cut, says Moynihan, who voted for it on the expedient ground that taxes are too high and it was the bill before him. But he says that it will shrink revenues so much that stupendous deficits are certain, and the Administration will be compelled to raise taxes. "Tax reform is a way of raising taxes without having to say you're raising taxes." He is ready with a list of nine loopholes to close. He has already closed one, winning passage of legislation eliminating the tax avoidance device called the "butterfly straddle." He did so by singling it out for public scorn, rather than grandly denouncing the entire tax system. "There was no tax reform of any kind at all in the Carter Administration, which began with the proposition that the tax code is a disgrace to the human race," Moynihan says. "That kind of language never gets you anything. The tax code is not a disgrace to the human race. It's about average for the human race. Cambodia is a disgrace to the human race."

In pressuring the Democratic Party to abandon a liberalism of faded appeal, Moynihan is allied with a group of Democratic centrists in Congress. He is not so much their leader as their model. They too are as leery of undiluted liberalism as they are of Reagan conservatism. They are critical of supply-side economics not because tax cuts are unnecessary but because they feel Reagan's supply-side cuts will produce staggering deficits. They want the Democratic Party to be the party of balanced budgets. One of them, Senator Gary Hart of Colorado, is already pegged as a neoliberal. Several others, like Senator Bill Bradley of New Jersey and Representative Leon Panetta of California, fit the description.

But many of these centrists part company with Moynihan on defense and foreign policy issues. Some of them entered politics through the antiwar movement and have remained fervently antimilitary. Hart is a special case, however. He is generally pro-defense but is not as noisy about it as Moynihan, and he often criticizes the military establishment. Nearly everyone in the embryonic neoliberal faction agrees with Moynihan on supporting Israel—opposition to the sale of the Awacs radar planes to Saudi Arabia is official Democratic policy—but not on the need to strengthen the American military so it can aid Israel if summoned.

MOYNIHAN'S reputation as a neoconservative stems in large measure from his fierce anticommunism and his hard-line posture toward the Soviet Union. To some liberals the foreign policy differences between Moynihan and Reagan are minuscule, if they exist at all. They do exist. "The Administration has proclaimed a foreign policy of heroes and is carrying out a foreign policy of Babbitts," says Moynihan. "Do we say, 'No pipeline equipment for the invaders of Afghanistan'? The hell we do. We sell it to them just like that." He insists the resumption of full grain sales to the Soviets amounts to "feeding the army that's bent on raping Poland." And the sale of arms to China, "the most totalitarian government in the world," was "the most humiliating thing they have done. Two days later, the Chinese announced they would resume border talks with the Soviets. That's an act of contempt."

With views like these, even when tempered by a willingness to upbraid allies like Argentina on human rights, it wasn't easy for Moynihan to make himself reasonably acceptable to liberals. Yet he has largely managed to do so, overcoming obstacles of domestic as well as foreign policy. His public disagreements with liberals go back to his 1960 support of John F. Kennedy. Then came his stints in the Department of Labor during the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, and in 1965 he wrote the controversial report, "The Negro Family: The Case for National Action." It cited the "crumbling" of black families, and it aroused accusations by liberal and black leaders of racism. Four years later, he became President Nixon's chief domestic policy adviser and he drew more criticism when his

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memo urging "benign neglect" of racial issues was leaked. And he bitterly fought the McGovern takeover of the party at the Democratic convention in 1972. "They read the American working people out of the party and then were astonished when they voted for the other party," Moynihan says.

NOW Kennedy is a liberal hero. The report on the black family may have understated the problem. The rates of illegitimate births and female-headed families among blacks have doubled since 1965. Moynihan's contention that elitist liberalism has been driving working-class voters away from the Democratic Party was strengthened last year when nearly half the blue-collar vote went for Reagan. Nixon has credited Moynihan with persuading him to preserve most Great Society programs. Still, the odor of Nixon clings faintly to Moynihan's reputation. That is what Mayor Edward Koch of New York was referring to a few weeks ago when he joked at a fund-raising dinner that Moynihan had but two choices when he left the city as a young man: "a life of crime and joining the Nixon administration." The crowd laughed. "Wait a minute," Koch added. "That's only one choice."

As the country's political spectrum has shifted to the right, the perception of Moynihan has changed. He has been targeted for defeat next year by the National Conservative Political Action Committee and anti-abortion groups. An early Republican challenger for the Senate seat, Bruce Caputo, has seized on his "ultra-liberal voting record in Washington." His detente with liberals in New York probably means he will have no strong liberal opponent in the Democratic Party next year.

Moynihan says he hasn't changed, and for the most part he hasn't. What has changed is the political context. When Jimmy Carter was President, Moynihan's criticism came from the right. With Reagan in the White House, it comes from the left. On human rights policy, for example, he positioned himself to the right of Carter, advocating an evenhanded approach to adversaries and allies alike. He has kept that position, but now he's to the left of the sitting President.

In political style, Moynihan has undergone at least one significant change. He is less truculent in his remarks about liberals, though populist resentment still surfaces frequently. "A party of the working class cannot be dominated by former editors of the *Harvard Crimson*," he says. "It can be influenced by them, but when it is dominated by them it loses touch." There is a heady mélange of contradictory forms of snobbery floating around in that wisecrack. The half-ironic use of faintly Marxist terminology to taunt the earnest children of the elite is a particularly choice Moynihanism. Such statements—and Moynihan has made hundreds of them over the years—touch on a complicated aspect of his makeup: class. He plays up his background in the grim Hell's Kitchen section of New York, though he spent only a few years there. (Koch joked recently that Moynihan really comes from Hell's Condominium.) He presents himself as a regular Democrat who serves the interests of an alliance of Jews, Catholics, ethnics, and labor. And he uses elitist liberals, such as the opponents of the Westway project in Manhattan, as occasional whipping boys. But ironically Moynihan is in many ways the epitome of an elitist. He was a Harvard professor who came to Washington to serve in the highest echelons of government. He is an Anglophile who lifted the phrase "benign neglect" from the writings of an obscure 19th-century British intellectual; and he himself is a man whose political virtues—the ability to write, argue, and converse in a way that is alternately subtle and bombastic but is always literate—are those of the 19th century. He dresses in an upper-class style that sometimes borders on the foppish. And his oratorical style is hardly staccato and unembellished in working-class fashion. Rather, he is pedantic, speaks in exaggerated bursts, and often draws out phrases like an old-fashioned string-tie Southern senator.

Moynihan is a member of the Cambridge-New York-Washington axis. He has nearly all the credentials of an elitist and a lot of the trappings, and his career is striking in its progress from one elitist post to another. But he rejects the policies of what he sees as elitist liberalism. Most of all, his career has demonstrated that he can fit in with most any group near the political center.

AN ODD fate has befallen Moynihan as he has shaped a survivable Democratic ideology and become a force in Congress. He is no longer taken quite so seriously as a potential presidential nominee. When he was isolated as a neoconservative critic of the Carter Administration, allies like Podhoretz, the editor of *Commentary*, and Jeane Kirkpatrick, now Reagan's ambassador to the United Nations, plugged him for the presidency. But the party factions are looking elsewhere. The more ritualistic liberals favor Mondale or Senator Ted Kennedy. The boll weevils have no affinity with Moynihan. Among the centrists, Hart is getting early attention. One of Moynihan's drawbacks as a presidential possibility is the press. Some reporters regard him as erratic, a tiresome windbag, a pedant, and, worst of all, a conservative. The prospect of a Moynihan presidential race is now raised only as a threat. Caputo, in a fundraising letter for his Senate campaign, concluded with this P.S.: "Your early support is critical if we are going to defeat Senator Moynihan in 1982 before he can get his rumored 1984 campaign against President Reagan off the ground." Reagan probably need not worry; Caputo, however, should. Moynihan isn't likely to be President. But if he chooses to be, he will probably be a senator—and an increasingly influential one—for a very long time to come.

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BACK TO THE PEOPLE

To the editors:

Herbert Denton's article, "The End of the Civil Rights Era" (TNR, September 30), is on target in calling for a new phase of the civil rights movement, yet it fails to give credit where it is due. Roy Wilkins did not organize the 1963 March on Washington, although he did pay the bills. The march, a dream of A. Philip Randolph's since 1941, was organized by Bayard Rustin and Randolph.

Moreover, Denton suggests that today's civil rights leaders "must first get back in touch with the people." However, the Urban League and the N.A.A.C.P. never truly represented common people. From their founding both were middle-class reformist groups. Their lack of success in attracting the black lower class helps explain the mass underclass popularity of Marcus Garvey, the Communist Party, Martin Luther King Jr., Malcolm X, and S.N.C.C. at various times in Afro-American history. All these individuals addressed the needs of the masses. The N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League never did. Further, Denton ignores Randolph and Rustin a second time. It was they who perceived economics and jobs as the real problems of the black underclass. These problems continue to demand attention today.

Marshall Hyatt
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

PHYSICAL LIMITS

To the editors:

I was especially interested in "The Limits of Sport" by Erich Segal in your September 16 issue. Certain basic laws of biology and physics do indeed set definite limits on human performance (muscles can load and unload only so fast, oxygen needs a definite amount of time—however small—to replenish depleted muscles, etc.). The major unknown is the extent of the time limitation for each of the many complex processes involved in maximal human performance (in running, say) and the time limits these impose as a whole. My own research and computations based on present human physiology suggest that the absolute lower-bound time limit for the mile is 2 minutes 30 seconds. If correct, it means that no human would ever attain this despite Segal's apparent belief to the contrary.

Erich Segal does treat the sometimes elusive but always important psychological aspects of running races in an informative, convincing way, and herein lies the main value of his article.

James A. Coleman
American International College
Springfield, Massachusetts

DON'T BLAME LABOR

To the editors:

Paul A. London ("Wage Restraint Pro Quo," TNR, October 7) proposed that the labor movement show "a willingness to ease greatly wage demands to stop inflation—particularly when high wage settlements have made industries noncompetitive, as in auto, railroads, and steel." The notion that high wages are both a cause of loss of markets and a cause of inflation is, at best, questionable. Working people in Detroit, Gary, and elsewhere are the victims of inflation, not its causes; the rise in wages has *not* kept up with inflation. Moreover, markets were lost by U.S. industry in the 1970s not because of high labor costs but because industrial executives, looking for bonuses, gave priority to enhancing profits this year rather than to modernizing their plants (and making energy-efficient cars) so as to promote long-term profits.

William Gerber
Washington, D.C.

MEDIA DELUSIONS

To the editors:

Mark Crispin Miller's brilliant commentary on the equally brilliant commercial for Jamaican tourism ("Massa, Come Home," TNR, September 16) must stand next to Michael Arlen's document *Thirty Seconds* in the Hall of Fame of television criticism. My only quarrel with Miller is his pointing a finger at the "state of helplessness" and "renewal" that pervades the appeal of this commercial: shouldn't vacationers be permitted to feel these things for a week or two, no matter where they go? If it's a deliberate delusion, and usually an expensive one, does it matter what imagery supports it? Miller's article suggests two further thoughts. First, with the arrival of widespread VCRs at home, may we not now expect more and more sophisticated analyses of programming and commercials, as critics apply the pause button like a scalpel? And conversely, may we not expect advertisers to begin to take advantage of the fact that commercials will increasingly be seen in their *recorded* form? In other words, a clever TV ad writer could come up with something allowing a viewer to manipulate a recorded commercial and thereby gain an advantage or a prize. Thus, such interactive commercials will differ little from puzzles in the back of comic books.

Paul B. Wiener
SUNY at Stony Brook
Long Island, New York

WESTERN DUMPING GROUND

To the editors:

Cliff Sloan's complaint about federal cash flowing westward ("How the West Has Won," TNR, September 30) ignores vital historical and present-day facts: oil and gas interests wish to set off dynamite in wilderness areas to "test" for oil and gas; our rivers are dammed so the Bonneville Power Administration can string tax-free, 500-kilovolt power lines across our land and sell energy to points east, west, and south; coal strip-mining continues despite the fact reclamation of land has proved inadequate; Eastern and Midwestern interests wish to lower Montana's 30-percent coal-severance tax, which is a simple device to get just rewards for our ruined resources; the Anaconda Copper Co. (owned by Arco) has raped Montana and Montanans for 100 years, leaving behind 1,500 jobless, acres of ravished land, and an entire town without an economy. And if that isn't enough, ten miles from my house is a Minuteman missile, with several of its brothers nearby, ready to take the heat if Russia ever decides on a little nuclear skirmishing. I'd say we deserve every penny of federal money we get.

Michael Dennison
Great Falls, Montana

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Playing A Genius

Ian McKellen is splendid as D. H. Lawrence in *Priest of Love*. I can't precisely say he triumphs in the picture, but he does triumph over it. Little can be crueler in casting than to ask an actor to convince as a real-life artistic genius. Fictional geniuses, like Dubedat in Shaw's play *The Doctor's Dilemma*, are a different matter because we don't have biographical facts and the artist's work to pose the performance against. Real geniuses are a terrible burden yet also, apparently, a terrible temptation. The range of such performances—from Cornel Wilde as Chopin to Vanessa Redgrave as Isadora, from Kirk Douglas as Van Gogh to Richard Burton as Edwin Booth—is wildly wide indeed. But a peak in that risky range is McKellen's performance. He energizes the role with fire that absolutely convinces in its heat and in the sense that Lawrence is possessed by it, rather than that an actor is stoking it up.

Priest of Love
(Filmways Pictures)
Paternity
(Paramount)
So Fine
(Warner Brothers)

With hindsight, it's amusing to think that McKellen played a real-life genius for this film before he came to Broadway to play a real-life mediocrity in *Amadeus*. On balance, I thought him better than Paul Scofield was in the London production of that play, more raked to the soul by heaven's injustice; and it's conceivable that McKellen's prior imaginative re-creation of genius helped him with the bitterness of a middling artist's jealousy. In any case there's never a moment's doubt in *Priest of Love* that this man has better eyes and ears, a thinner skin, more fiercely penetrating insight than any of the people around him, many of whom are extraordinary. When he seizes pen and notebook and begins to write, we feel—and how often is this true in performances of writers?—that he really is writing. When he tears up pages or scatters or burns them, and he does a lot of all three, we feel that it's one part anger and one part—perhaps unconsciously—a wish to do the work over again, better. His drinking, his egotism, his pettishness, his whoopings of joy all coalesce into a man too large for the usual perimeter of one human pilgrimage.

But there's a last hazard that faces the actor playing a genius, and that's the film in which he plays it. Like most such biographical films, *Priest of Love* is superfluous. It gives McKellen the chance to create this powerful man, but then it merely deploys him through a plodding chronicle, with appropriate flashbacks to make sure that pedantic carpers can't complain. (This includes an inserted glimpse of Lawrence's early love, Jessie Chambers.) The screenplay is by the English playwright Alan Plater. He did the unsuccessful screenplay of Lawrence's *The Virgin and The Gypsy* (1970) which was directed by Christopher Miles who has also done *Priest of Love*. Failed though that earlier film was, it was easy to see why someone had attempted it; but why Lawrence's biography? The script lacks urgency, any need to exist. All Plater has done is to quarry bits out of Harry T. Moore's detailed but undistinguished biography of the same name, then try to create a drama out of them by grouping the bits around two themes: censorship and Lawrence's tuberculosis.

But even this clumsy script, whose flashbacks seem like afterthoughts, might have been more tolerable if it had been well directed and edited. Miles is a fumbler. (He's the brother of Sarah Miles, who overdoes an uncredited appearance as a film star in this picture.) Every choice of view, of composition, of pace, seems a tryout rather than a decision, and in the way of such directors, when he hits upon something that he thinks lovely or effective, he won't let go. (One small example: the huge close-up of the funerary box containing Lawrence's ashes, forgotten at the New Mexico railroad station.) Miles shot the film in a number of authentic locations, including the villa outside Florence where *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was written, but he has a postcard eye. And the editing is first-year film school, sometimes worse, as in the intercutting between an Italian publisher climbing to the Florentine villa and the action at the villa.

The picture is marred further by the Frieda of Janet Suzman, who doesn't act, she just carries on. Apparently she has read all about Frieda, including Frieda's own writings, but what she gives us is a raucous gloss of her reading. As different as the two couples were, there is some analogy between James Joyce and Nora, on the one hand, and Lawrence and Frieda, on the other. For both men, their wives, dissimilar in almost every other way, had an earth-mother-plus-Astarte quality. Suzman is just a noisy, posturing nuisance.

John Gielgud is the solicitor employed by Scotland Yard to investigate Lawrence's various "obscenities," and of course he carves out the role neatly. The only other notable performance is by Penelope Keith as the Honorable Dor-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Chariots of Fire. The basically true story of two British Olympic runners, 1924, wrought into a complex portrait of a society and a drama of hope. Excellently done in every way.

The French Lieutenant's Woman. Harold Pinter's time-tapestry screenplay gives the film both substance and ultimate confusion, but the Victorian strand is exquisite and all of it is well acted.

Stevie. Modest, poignant, witty, deeply humane. Glenda Jackson as the English poet Stevie Smith, Mona Washbourne as her aunt, Trevor Howard as friend and chorus are superb.

True Confessions. A wearily hip script—about the seaminess of the LA police and the frailties of the Catholic church—but sensitively acted by Robert Duvall (detective) and Robert De Niro (his brother, a priest). Ulu Grosbard directed well.

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othy Brett, the deaf aristocratic painter who was a member of the Lawrence entourage. Keith is cheery, patient, sweet, and unobtrusively distinguished.

Ava Gardner, the Mabel Dodge Luhan, is beautiful—in fact, I think Gardner is even more beautiful now than when she was young. But it's funny here. Luhan was a most exceptional woman in many ways, but beauty was not one of them.

The whole thing comes off as a failed TV special. If you know and love Lawrence—and if you don't, why would you go?—I should think the total experience of the film would irritate you; but I think you would recognize that McKellen knows and loves Lawrence, too, and has the talent to represent the other artist's strength in his own art.

Two new American comedies are like SOS calls from Hollywood. "Send scripts. Send funny ideas, at least. Send *something*."

All Burt Reynolds fans—and I'm one of them—know that his favorite subject on TV talk shows is fatherhood, how he'd like to be a father. So, bam, a Reynolds picture called *Paternity*. All they forgot was a script. No, that's inaccurate: Charlie Peters, the author, remembered; what he remembered was a lot of other scripts.

Reynolds is a successful 44-year-old New York bachelor who wants a son but doesn't want to get married. Beverly D'Angelo is a music student who needs money to get to Paris to study. (When we first see her she's supporting herself as a waitress, in which job she fits better than as musician.) Reynolds and D'Angelo sign a contract under which she will get $50,000 for bearing him a son: then she can leave. About 27 minutes into the picture, no sane bookmaker would give 500 to 1 against the pair's falling in love eventually and the child's turning out to be a girl.

Reynolds is so taking that he gets occasional lightness even out of this lumber. David Steinberg, who directed, hasn't yet found the ease in this job that he had as the leading man in *Something Short of Paradise*.

Then there's *So Fine*. Ryan O'Neal—that's almost enough right there—is a young college professor dragooned into his father's Seventh Avenue dress business because the hulking gangster to whom dad owes money insists, for no perceptible reason, that the boy be brought in. Boy falls for gangster's Italian wife and she for him. Boy pays off dad's debts and makes him rich by accidentally inventing jeans with transparent plastic bottoms. See-through jeans, in fact. Like the film itself, the gimmick is a pane in the ass.

O'Neal is an acquired taste I've despaired of acquiring. Jack Warden, as dad, does his comic harassed average man again, again reliably. Mariangela Melato, the gangster's horny wife, shows some Monica Vitti comic ability. But the last scene, involving a performance of Verdi's *Otello* at O'Neal's college, makes even more of a fool of her than the script has done up to then.

Andrew Bergman wrote and directed. This fact should be engraved on a metal collar which is riveted around his neck.

The Man Behind The Sage

Waldo Emerson
by Gay Wilson Allen

(Viking Press; $25)

In his commencement address to the senior class at Yale this past spring, President A. Bartlett Giamatti launched a ferocious assault on Ralph Waldo Emerson as the source of everything that is most pernicious and destabilizing in our culture. Emerson, Giamatti contended, worshiped power and loathed history; and this is his calamitous legacy to the contemporary American politician. Emerson was also identified as the founding father of the Moral Majority: "To Emerson we owe that spirit of puritan America that has survived to today, the smug, abstract moralizing that is distrustful of any accommodation, that is always certain of its righteousness because it is merely self-regarding." Giamatti went on to hold Emerson almost personally responsible for the chaos of our public life, "our violent swings from extreme to extreme"; these frenzied oscillations are nothing but self-reliance in action.

Robert Penn Warren has said similar things about Emerson, though usually in a kindlier tone of voice. For Warren, it is Emerson's deconstruction of reality that is most worrisome. Seizing upon Emerson's expressed belief that "all outward circumstance is but a dream and a shade," Warren observed a few years ago that this "would tend to drain events in the objective world, including human events, of their urgencies." Warren finds the perfect image of Emerson in the moment when, discovered carrying a load of wood into his Concord cottage, he remarked: "I suppose we must do this as if it were real." Habitually, in Warren's account, Emerson "sought a perch above the issues of the untidy—and unreal—world." Warren memorably exploited that figure in a 1966 poem, "Homage To Emerson, On Night Flight To New York," in which he pictures himself sitting in his seat, musing, with a volume of Emerson's essays open on his lap. In this night-shrouded airborne situation

> My heart
> Is as abstract as an empty
> Coca-Cola bottle. It whistles with speed,
> It whines in that ammoniac blast caused
> by
> The passage of stars, for
> At 38,000 feet Emerson
>
> Is dead right.

But at the same time, Harold Bloom, *par exemple*, is telling us with magisterial finality that Emerson is the fount of all that is best and strongest in our culture, all that is imaginative, forward-thrusting, and pragmatic, indeed everything that is *American*. Bloom, too, examines Emerson at several removes from the actual; and so doing, has developed an expanding list—William James has most recently been preempted—of those American writers and intellectuals who announce themselves, without visible anxiety, as having been effectively influenced by Emerson. And meanwhile, sophisticated younger academics are vying with each other over whether Emerson should be reckoned our first modernist because he challenged traditional ways of knowing and stressed the difficulty of getting at the "meaning" of anything; or whether he should rather be honored as the first of our *post*-modernists in his alertness to the wayward energy of language and the

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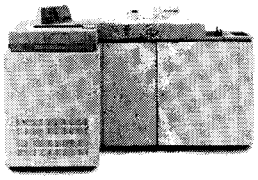

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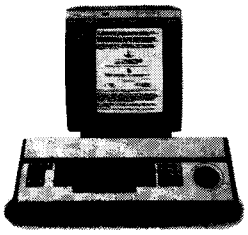

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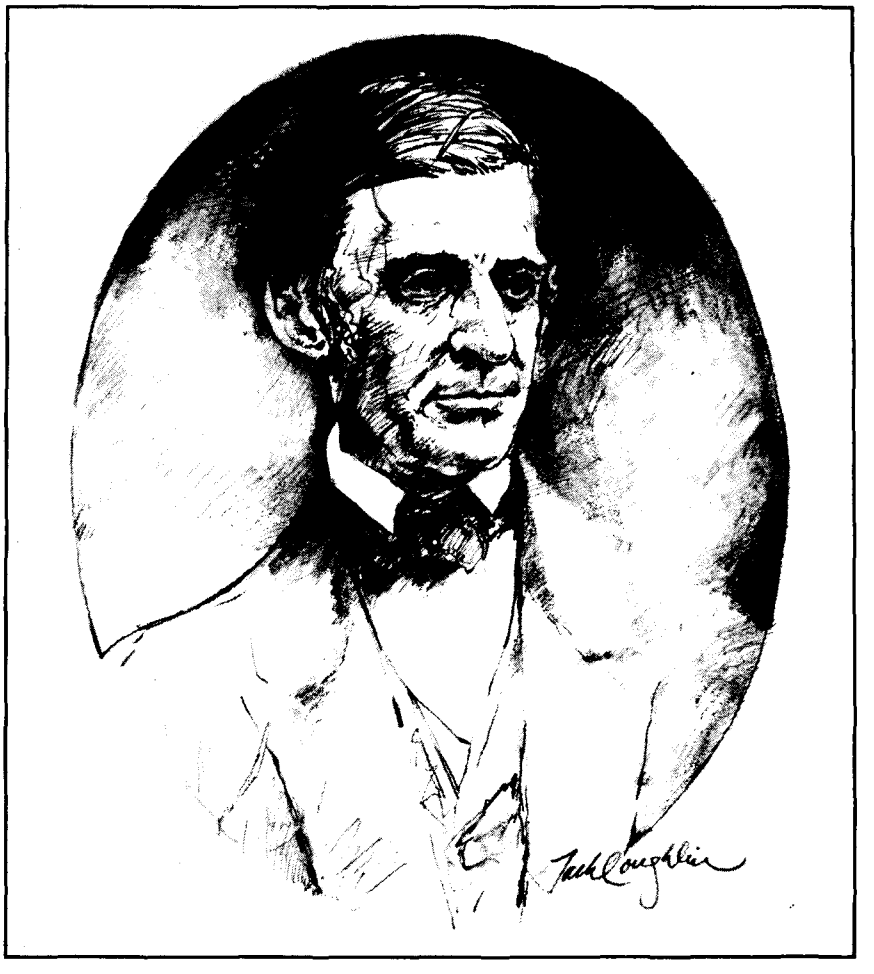
independent career of rhetorical tropes.

The disagreement over Emerson's status has never been wider, or more stimulating and pertinent. Gay Wilson Allen's monumental new biography, *Waldo Emerson*, comes thus with special timeliness, though none of the above is likely to gain more than an occasional solace from it. Allen's title, he explains in the preface, is intended to distinguish this biography from the solidly informative but (to my sense) somewhat flavorless *Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson* by Ralph L. Rusk 30-odd years ago. It also points to the man: "Waldo" was the name Emerson himself chose to be called by, after dropping his first name in a distinctly ritualistic gesture during his junior year at Harvard. Allen's biography is the story of a man, this particular man; a man who married and begot, grieved and smiled, traveled and hobnobbed, as well as a man who cast oratorical spells and wrote "The American Scholar," "Experience," and "Days."



DRAWING OF WALDO EMERSON BY JACK COUGHLIN FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In Allen's thoroughgoing and carefully paced narrative, Emerson's life is a surprisingly troubled one. His brother Edward, whom Emerson loved and with whom he took turns wearing the one and only family overcoat to school in Boston, went violently mad at the age of 23; was sent to an asylum where he had to be restrained by force; recovered to a degree, sickened again, and died of tuberculosis six years later. His brother Charles, constantly frail and suffering in addition from deep melancholy and self-dislike, died at age 28, leaving Waldo to feel "unfastened" and "adrift," with a survivor's guilt—"a sort of shame at living at all." Another brother, Bulkeley, appears to have been a half-wit, and was in and out of asylums all his life.

Emerson's engagement to the 17-year-old Ellen Tucker and his marriage to her in 1829 filled him with a fund of happiness that, as Allen says, was like a religious conversion. It coincided with a "call" to become pastor of the Second Church in Boston, and Emerson's world, for the moment, seemed permeated by a divine radiance; even his ailing brothers, to Waldo's transforming eye, appeared restored to health. Ellen was a charming and intelligent girl, with a certain impish independence of spirit, as indicated in a poem she addressed to her husband and which began:

> When we're angels in heaven
> Don't raving mad be
> If without notice given
> I stay out to tea

Allen has no doubt that the marriage was consummated, maybe passionately so, and notes that at this time Emerson was reading Plutarch's *Morals* in which he could learn that only by "conversing" with their "bodies" can lovers inflame each other with desire for a higher and more spiritual love. But Ellen inherited her family's affliction of tuberculosis of the lung. During the engagement, she grew so excited at the prospect of Mr. Emerson's ordination sermon that she hemorrhaged and was unable to attend. She died in February 1831, barely 15 months after the marriage.

Ellen's death had the effect on Emerson of a deconversion, at least from traditional Christianity. A year later, in a state which he himself called "moral excitement," Emerson announced to his congregation that he could no longer administer the Eucharist on the grounds that it was a purely historical rather than a significantly living ceremony. His forced resignation left him free to pursue his own work, and his circumstances seemed to brighten further with his marriage in 1835 to Lydia Jackson. But Lidian, as Emerson renamed her, was likewise a woman prone to physical ailments; she tried to counteract these by taking ice-cold baths the year round and sleeping only four hours a night, with the window open. She does not come through to us, in Allen's portrait, as very endearing. Lidian began, though, by giving Emerson a son, Waldo, in 1836. Emerson's heart filled once again; but Waldo died at the age of five in January of 1842.

In intervals between these domestic hopes and sorrows, Emerson's friends and associates troop through the pages of Allen's biography. Thoreau is here, mainly playing the role of Emerson's eccentric but trusted lieutenant; Hawthorne wanders by, if anything more shadowy than usual; Thomas Carlyle periodically trumpets from abroad his approval of Emerson's latest book. Henry James Senior is brought more robustly to life, as might be expected from the author of the definitive biography of the elder James's firstborn son William (1967). (Gay Wilson Allen is professor

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emeritus of English at New York University and most of this massive new work must have been written since his retirement: as heroic an example for other academics of advancing years as can be imagined.) Henry Senior is seen extending his hospitality to Emerson in New York and holding forth in Boston at Emerson's Town and Country Club on his own theologized brand of socialism. After a later visit to the Saturday Club, he delighted Emerson by his thumbnail sketches of the other members—"the debauched Charles Norton, and good, inoffensive, comforting Longfellow," and especially Hawthorne who "had the look all the time . . . of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in the company of detectives." But even in dealing with Emerson's friends, Allen's interest quickens and his narrative grows sharper when it comes to those who were victims of misfortune. The treatments of Margaret Fuller and Bronson Alcott, as they come and go in the story, are like little serials within the larger book.

Allen thinks that Margaret Fuller may have been, for a time, in love with Emerson; and if Emerson did not respond in kind, he did accord to Margaret a devotion and an intimacy of understanding otherwise almost unknown in his acquaintanceship. He published in *The Dial* a portion of what became *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* and was evidently not perturbed (unlike some of its readers) by the interviews there recorded with a prostitute and with female prisoners, any more than he was by Margaret's celebration, in letters from Europe, of George Sand's views on sexual freedom. Her death by drowning, when her New York-bound ship was wrecked off the Atlantic coast, shook Emerson to the core. "To the last her country proves inhospitable to her," he wrote in his journal; "brave, eloquent, subtle, accomplished, devoted, constant soul!"

AS AGAINST that tragedy, the saga of Bronson Alcott, in Allen's telling, has overtones of comedy, even of farce. Alcott was virtually hounded out of Boston for publishing a book, *Conversations on the Gospel*, which spoke—albeit amid a good deal of delicate floral imagery—of the processes of procreation and circumcision; it was the most "indecent and obscene book," in the opinion of the Boston *Courier*, that had ever been printed. Eight years after that, in 1845, Alcott tried to run a farm called Fruitlands, on the arresting theory that animals must be allowed their freedom, that no manure was to be used, and that all root vegetables were impure. The attempt failed promptly and completely, and Alcott took to his bed and sought to starve himself to death. Throughout these misadventures, the "good Emerson," so Alcott insisted, remained the best friend he had "on this planet," though he could also complain that Emerson's "sympathies are all intellectual."

AS A WRITER and lecturer, too, Emerson seemed to operate out of a storm center. His address to the Harvard Divinity School in 1838—to which, Allen reminds us, he had been invited exclusively by some of the students—aroused an uproar of protest. The most heated charge, then as on subsequent occasions, was that Emerson was striving to undermine the Christian faith of his listeners, as to a serious extent he undoubtedly was: "We have found out the mythical character of Christianity," he declared roundly in one of his lectures on "The Present Age" in 1840, "and are every where adopting a new manner of speech in regard to it." The new Emersonian manner came in for another lambasting with *The Conduct of Life* (the volume cited by President Giamatti in his polemic against Emerson), which was attacked by *The New Englander* for "the utter shallowness and flippancy of the judgments . . . concerning Christianity." The same periodical found *Representative Men* in 1850 a mishmash of "gratuitous absurdities." Emerson took note at this time that while a number of reviewers assaulted each of his books as they appeared, they also said persistently that each was a decline in vigor and originality from its predecessor. "The fate of my books," he ruminated, "is like the impression of my face. My acquaintances, as long as I can remember, have always said: 'Seems to me you look a little thinner than when I saw you last.'" The Yankee drawl was never more audible.

Giving us everything, as he so generously does, Professor Allen does not subordinate much, nor inquire very deeply into possible interior connections. A 180-mile trip down the Ohio River and a reading of Plotinus receive about equal attention; and oddly enough this method, or careful restraint of method, works quite well. For Emerson, as for Whitman, there *was* a kind of democratic equality between the manifold incidents and phenomena of life. Even so, the reader can hardly avoid intermittent speculation. Allen limits his psychological analysis to thoughtful pointers about Emerson's anticipations of Freud, Jung, and above all William James: Emerson's reference to "the stream of thought" leads by some shifts of emphasis that Allen underscores to James's imaging of consciousness in *Principles of Psychology*, and his play on the theme of temperament in "Experience" takes us twistily to *Pragmatism*. But one would welcome a certain probing, occasionally, within the story of the life.

What, for example, might be the source of Emerson's repudiation of the past, of his characteristic injunction, so offensive to President Giamatti, to "unfetter ourselves of our historical associations"? The remark, advanced in 1836, provided the leading motif or, perhaps better, the point of departure for the landmark essays and lectures of the 1830s. How, so to speak, did Emerson get that way? It's not enough, really, to say that so negative an attitude toward history was "in the air." For one thing, Emerson himself was the one most influentially to have put it there; and for another, the age of Emerson was a great American age for the writing of history. Were there mental pressures closer to home? Did the successive and somewhat grisly deaths of his wife Ellen and his brothers Edward and Charles between 1831 and 1836 constitute for Emerson a world of unbearable experience he simply turned his back on—and with it, on the past as such? Did his effort to escape the grip of the past express belatedly, on some obscure level, Emerson's remembered fear and resentment of his father that, Allen informs us, were Emerson's settled atti-

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tude to the man who died when Emerson was eight? Why was Emerson, in these years, seemingly determined to work out an identity in which nothing inherited, nothing other than his own capacities, would be allowed to participate?

THE Emersonian personality that did emerge, in any event, is displayed for us by Allen in its many and humanly inconsistent features. Writing in the late 20th century, Professor Allen is able to advert without fuss to Emerson's adolescent sexual problems, which began to disturb him in his 13th year. "The age of puberty," Emerson would say, looking back on this period, "is a crisis in the life of man worth studying. It is the passage from the Unconscious to the Conscious; from the sleep of the Passions to their rage." Emerson fought hard against the raging passions as he had been taught to do, but as late as 1822 he confessed in his journal, in a sentence he did his best to strike out, that "I have a nasty habit which I will not gratify." Emerson felt a predictable guilt at his temptation toward self-indulgence. But guilt tended to make him impatient rather than remorseful, and a year after the remark just quoted he was declaiming privately: "I say to the Universe, Mighty one! thou art not my mother; Return to chaos, if thou wilt, I shall still exist. I live . . . Star by Star, world by world, system by system shall be crushed—but I shall live." In striking this American romantic posture, the young Emerson was unexpectedly close to Captain Ahab and his defiant address to the balls of lightning: "In the midst of the personified impersonal, a personality stands here." It can be added that Stephen Crane in his little poem—"A man said to the universe: 'Sir, I exist'"—put it more ironically or parodically (the universe replies that it couldn't care less). American literary bravado dwindled appreciably as the decades passed.

Sweetness and light were not invariably the characteristics of the sage of Concord. "Why should they call me good natured?" he once asked himself. "I too like puss have a retractile claw." (Giamatti's phrase is that "Emerson is as sweet as barbed wire.") There was a moment when he felt impelled to deliver a sermon on "the doctrine of hatred," which would explain why he could sometimes not stand the company of others. In fact, the author of the essay on "Friendship" had little talent for that undertaking, as he well knew. While Alcott was saying that Emerson's sympathies were too cerebral, Emerson was admitting in his journal that, though Alcott lived just down the road, the two of them never managed to come close.

The physical proximity of his fellow creatures made Emerson decidedly edgy, and it must have been real torture for him to sail to Malta in the winter of 1833 in a tiny cabin with four other passengers. For Emerson, as for Sartre, hell could take the form of *les autres*: "The inconvenience of living in a cabin," he wrote while still at sea, "is that people become all eye." On his second trip to Europe in 1847, his cabin, so Thoreau reported after seeing him off, was "about six feet square, with a large keyhole for a window." At least he was alone.

DESPITE these several difficulties, Emerson did not make the voyages. Beginning in 1850, he made an annual and strenuous journey to mid-America on lecture tours; late in life, he made it all the way to California (this time in a private railroad car rented by his son-in-law from Mr. George Pullman), and absorbed the impression, as he formulated it eloquently to Lidian, that "there is an awe & terror lying over this new garden." These excursions are noteworthy and revealing; for if there is a "story" within Allen's life story it is that of a man who—far from snuggling cozily behind the drawn curtains of his Concord home and dreaming vast dreams of the Over-soul—was lured steadily and inexorably into the actualities of his world.

The first volume of *Essays*, published in 1841, has as its doctrinal basis, Allen observes, certain of the Neoplatonic teachings of Plotinus, as is particularly evident in "The Over-Soul," "Intellect," and "Spiritual Laws." Allen offers a blessedly straightforward account of these ideas: the successive emanations from the One through the World Soul to the human soul, and down to the natural world and the realm of matter, with the possible and ecstasy-arousing reunion of the individual and the World Soul. Allen remarks upon the stylistic exuberance, the spiritually intoxicated language of the discourses; and he does not neglect Emerson's other forays, in essays and poetry, into the unknown or the supraterrestrial. But he also detects in Emerson, even before the appearance of *Essays First Series*, many indications of a "growing weariness with abstractions," and a desire to inquire more closely into the reality of his historical environment.

The immediate result was a series of ten lectures on "The Present Age," delivered in 1839-40 and exploring variously the radical division of that age into "the party of the Past and the party of the Future." There followed, two years afterward, a companion series on "The Times," in which, with considerable dialectical wit, Emerson charged the reformers of the day with failing to strive for a higher pinnacle of vision, and the transcendentalists with failing to come down from their lofty visionary perch into the arena of human conflict. With these two sets of talks, Emerson, in Allen's fine phrase, became "a reporter of experience." No one in our cultural annals has done it better.

"The last year," Emerson said in a lecture of 1851, "has forced us all into politics." The lecture was on "The Fugitive Slave Law," and was sparked by the recent revival of the old statute, its inglorious support by Daniel Webster (the occasion for Whittier's superb "lost leader" poem "Ichabod"), and its enforcement in the case of a youthful black escapee from a Georgia plantation. But Emerson had been feeling the pull of "politics" for a good many years. He began publishing anti-slavery articles in the *Dial* in 1843, and in an address of 1844 he proposed that the United States government purchase the slaves' freedom by payment to their owners. He was to amend that proposal in "Boston Hymn," a poem written in the wake of the Emancipation Proclamation:

> Pay ransom to the owner
> And fill the bag to the brim.
> Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
> And ever was. Pay him.

Emerson's provocative anti-slavery expressions in the 1850s brought renewed abuse upon him; he was now endangering, not the Christian faith, but State Street. He gave his fugitive slave law talk in Cambridge before an audience consisting largely of Harvard authorities and undergraduates, most of whom gave vent (according to a witness) to "hisses, shouts and catcalls [that] made it impossible for Mr. Emerson to go on. . . . He stood with perfect quietness until the hubbub was over, and then went on with the next word." It is almost a letdown for the reader, incidentally, when, in 1866, Harvard gives Emerson an honorary degree and

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elects him to its Board of Overseers. What had become of the rancorous old bigotry?

Emerson had his say on the question of women as well, in the prewar years. In 1855 he gave an address to a women's rights convention in Boston, claiming for women without equivocation "the right to education, to avenues of employment, to equal rights of property, to equal rights in marriage, to the exercise of the professions and of suffrage." As to suffrage, of course, Emerson rather hoped that women wouldn't actually go in for it, and he shrank from the thought of women as political officeholders. But on this whole issue, Emerson seems in our perspective to have been as enlightened as a man of his era could be. Meanwhile, again in the 1850s, the reporter on experience wrestled with such contemporary matters as "Wealth," "Trade," and "Power." Opinions can differ on these essays; I don't myself return to them with much enthusiasm. But whatever else, they were not written in some nesting place up above the sky so high. They were written during the same months and years when Emerson was traveling by poky train, riverboat, and muleback across the Midwestern American states.

Emerson did not always realize his intellectual ambitions, and it is easy enough to quote him making the most vaporous or off-putting statements. But the nature of that ambition is unmistakable: "Metaphysics must be perpetually reinforced by life; must be the observations of a working man on working men." The opposite held equally true: life must be perpetually illuminated by metaphysics. "Religion" is probably a better word than metaphysics for the man who said in his ordination sermon that "religion is the home of the mind." William James gave the case its most poetic summary, in a passage quoted by Allen from an essay of the 1900s:

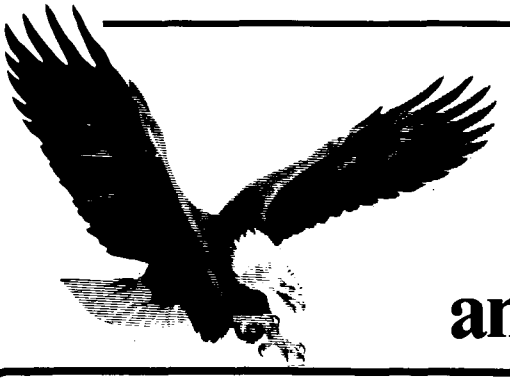
> Emerson himself was a real seer. He could perceive the full squalor of the individual fact, but he could also see the transfiguration. . . . His life was one long conversation with the divine, expressing itself through individuals and particulars: 'So nigh is grandeur to our dust, so near is God to Man!'

The last line was from Emerson's poem "Voluntaries," especially dear to William James since it was written to celebrate the gallant, disastrous attack by a Boston black regiment on Fort Wagner, South Carolina, during which William's brother Wilky was almost fatally wounded.

Waldo Emerson is a biographical work of a very high order, a book to live in. It is so far the best life of Emerson we have that, unless spectacular new evidence is discovered, it is hard to imagine a more satisfactory one being written within the lives of our children's children. In a narrative that breathes wisdom and tolerance at every turn, Professor Allen makes us privy to an Emerson endlessly jostled by life; sometimes soaring above it, to be sure, but mainly (in the outcome) the more clearly to discern its contours, and always returning to it. This is what we are grateful for. At 38,000 feet both Giamatti and Bloom may be dead right, but at sea level it is Gay Wilson Allen's Emerson that we recognize and need.

R. W. B. Lewis

R. W. B. Lewis teaches American literature at Yale.



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The Challenge Of Liberation

The Making of Modern Zionism: Intellectual Origins of the Jewish State by Shlomo Avineri

(Basic Books; $14.95)

Zionism is the national liberation movement of the Jewish people. This simple affirmation makes an important point, and it isn't a new point; it is as old as Zionism itself. In the name of what principle of liberty or socialism, asked Moses Hess in the 1860s, can the Jews be asked to forgo their collective identity and political rights when every other people insists upon its own identity and claims its own rights? Zionism is a demand for equal treatment, for minimal justice in the world of nations, and as such it shouldn't be, it should never have been, problematic. And yet, it has been problematic, not only for Palestinian Arabs, but also for many Jews—probably, until the rise of the Nazis, for a majority of Jews. In fact, Zionism is a very special kind, an especially difficult kind, of national liberation. That is why it has generated such an extraordinary literature, so much intense argument, so much doubt and anguish. Every other nationalism, whatever its emotional intensity or the violence of its political methods, is by comparison intellectually complacent.

National liberation commonly has a straightforward character. There exists what we can think of as the substructure of a nation, an economic base, a territory, a common language and culture, local political institutions. Upon this an alien superstructure has been imposed: imperial law, a foreign army, a bureaucracy commanded from some distant capital. Now the superstructure is attacked and wholly or partially dismantled; the nation throws up its own rulers and its own laws. Zionism obviously does not fit this model. The Jews were a people without some of the most important structural features of nationhood. They lacked a territory and a common vernacular, and, what is perhaps more important, they lacked a "normal" economy: they had no peasantry and very few workers engaged in primary production. Hence the national liberation of the Jews—this is the main argument of Shlomo Avineri's book—required a social revolution. Or, as Avineri also says, Zionism, like Bolshevism, had to create its own social prerequisites. No wonder, then, that it was resisted by so many of the Jews themselves, who had somehow adapted to the abnormalities of their exile. Perhaps the true miracle of the Zionist movement is not that it produced a state (though statehood was once thought, by all reasonable men and women, quite beyond the realm of the possible), but that, unlike Bolshevism, it produced a democratic state. Zionism was a bootstraps operation, the work of an elite that actually succeeded in mobilizing a people, one of the few examples in modern history of a successful autoemancipation.

Avineri's book is an intellectual history of this autoemancipation, 17 short essays on the leading theorists of Zionism beginning, appropriately, with the Hegelian philosopher Nachman Krochmal and ending with the Socialist militant David Ben Gurion. It has the appearance of a survey, and indeed it is that: a skillful and fascinating account of the full range of Zionist argument, secular and religious, political and cultural, socialist and bourgeois. But it is more than that. As I have already indicated, Avineri has an argument of his own to make, and he makes it not only at the beginning and end of the book, but also in and through the interpretative essays. So this book can be read on two levels, as an introduction to Zionist thought and as a contribution to it. And it is a fine book on both levels.

Avineri's argument is not intrusive in the essays, but it is clear enough, especially in his treatment of the Socialists—Hess, Syrkin, Borochov, A. D. Gordon, and Ben Gurion—and of the revisionist Jabotinsky, Menachem Begin's master, to whom the longest chapter in the book is devoted. It is Gordon, the prophet of the kibbutz movement, who makes the essential point, reiterated again and again by the theorists of Labor Zionism, among whom Avineri now takes his place. "Emigration to Palestine without radically revolutionizing Jewish social structures," wrote Gordon, "is nothing else than a transference of Exile to the Land of Israel." In fact, such a transfer was never possible; or rather, had it occurred, it would have made statehood impossible. Zionism had to be revolutionary and Socialist—"what is utopian in other contexts," wrote Syrkin, "is a necessity for the Jews"—because there was no other way except through collective settlement and economic cooperation to create Jewish farmers and workers. And though they quarreled endlessly over Marxist doctrine, all the Labor Zionists were Marxists to this extent: they believed, and they were right, that without farmers and workers, without a Jewish economy, there could never be a Jewish state.

If Zionism is a revolution against Diaspora society, then Ben Gurion is its greatest hero, the man who brought together theory and practice, who saw most clearly what had to be done and did it. This is his account of the purpose of the movement he led:

> . . . it means taking . . . uprooted, impoverished, sterile Jewish masses, living parasitically off the body of an alien [economy], dependent on others—and introducing them to productive and creative life, implanting them on the land, integrating them into primary production in agriculture, in industry and handicraft . . . making them economically independent and self-sufficient.

One might argue with this account of the Diaspora, but there is no doubting that Ben Gurion and his comrades actually achieved the goals he set. From the social and economic base that they established in Palestine, moreover, they succeeded in capturing the world Zionist movement, and its fund-raising apparatus too, so that the wealth of the Jewish bourgeoisie of Western Europe and America was "expropriated" for Socialist nation-building. And then they created, and for three decades they ruled, the state of Israel.

In this story, Jabotinsky is the antihero. Avineri acknowledges that "he towered high above all the other Zionist leaders between the two world wars in his culture, sensibilities, and intellectual horizons." Like Herzl, Jabotinsky was a skillful journalist and belletrist, attuned to all the currents of European culture. But the currents had changed since Herzl's time. Liberalism and socialism were passé, and Jabotinsky was drawn, aesthetically as well as politically, to the new integralist nationalism

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represented by Mussolini's Italy, Salazar's Portugal, Dollfuss's Austria. It was not the religion of labor but the religion of power that attracted him. Or perhaps not power so much—for what sort of power could the Jews muster in the 1920s and 1930s?—as what Avineri calls the illusion of power: ceremonies, gestures, and declarations, uniforms, parades, marching bands, mass rallies, and solemn oaths.

The illusion of power was all the more tempting as the crisis of European Jewry approached, and all the more tragic in that it offered no way of coping with the crisis. Jabotinsky died in 1940. Some years later his epigones turned to terrorism: from the politics of the ceremony to the politics of the act. But it was his enemies within the Zionist movement, working from the base that their labor had built, who founded the state and gave refuge to the survivors of the Holocaust. (Palestinian leaders are often said to have drawn inspiration from the history of Zionism. If that is so, it is more likely the revisionists than the socialists who were their source.)

Two quotations catch the change in tone and substance that Jabotinsky effected. "[We have] to labor with our own hands," wrote Gordon, "at all kinds of work . . . from the most skilled, the cleanliest, and the easiest to the coarsest, the most despised, the most difficult." And Jabotinsky: "We need young people who can ride horses and climb trees and swim in the water and use their fists and shoot a gun; we need people with a healthy imagination and a strong will, striving to express themselves in the struggle for life." No doubt, they were both right, but the shift in emphasis is important; the two creeds are not mutually supportive. Kibbutz children seem in fact to display all the qualities that Jabotinsky looked for, but his own followers have been quick to abandon the principle of Jewish labor. They are more interested in the external expressions of nationhood than in its inner core.

In an epilogue to his book, Avineri suggests that recent Israeli history can be read as a counterrevolution, a return of the Exile to Israel. The return takes many forms: the use of Arab labor in agriculture, construction, and the service industries; the reproduction of traditional Jewish social structures with their heavy concentration of people in white collar occupations; the drift toward economic lassez-faire, "so well attuned, as Milton Friedman has pointed out, to Jewish existence in the West, [but which] cannot be squared with the ethos of social responsibility necessary for nation-building in Israel." Even the phenomenon of Jewish emigration from Israel is "part of a long Jewish tradition of leaving [one's] ancestral land . . . for better climes and easier occupations." And finally, one might add to the list, though Avineri doesn't discuss it, the growing power in Israel of Orthodox Jews who (like fundamentalist Muslims) have never reconciled themselves to the forms of the modern state.

All this suggests that arguments about the meaning of Zionism are by no means anachronistic. Nor do they merely express (what would be legitimate enough) a nostalgia for those early days of companionship and controversy in Odessa, Zurich, and London, when the Jewish masses of Eastern Europe seemed to stir with a new life and power. Though all that is past, the quality of Jewish life in Israel is still to be determined. Relying again upon an analogy with the Bolsheviks, Avineri argues that Zionism must be a "permanent revolution," not an event, not (simply) a success story, but a long struggle without a foreseeable end. His survey of Zionist thought is meant to point toward a program for that struggle.

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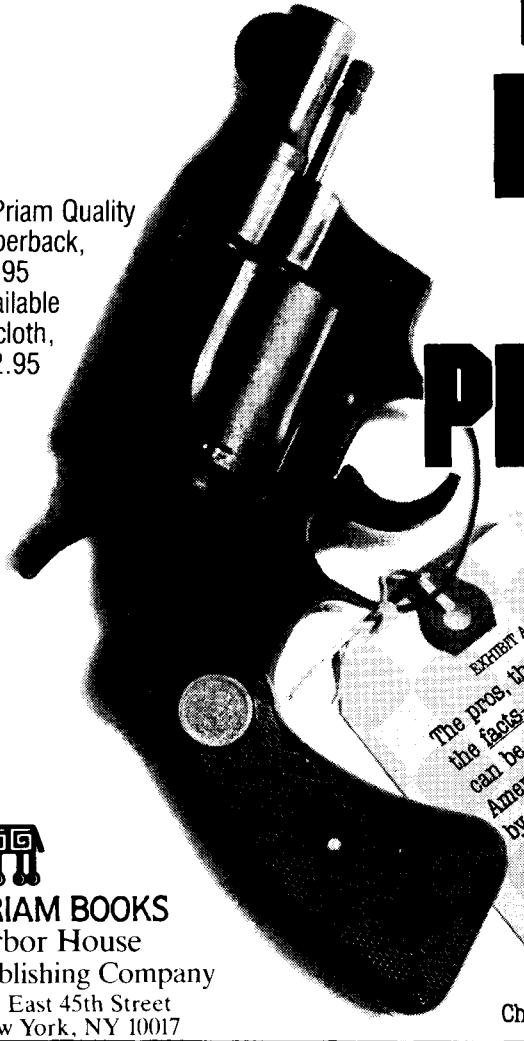

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More Sorrow Than Pity

Paris in the Third Reich: A History of the German Occupation, 1940-44 by David Pryce-Jones

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $25)

The Germans entered Paris on Thursday, June 13, 1940; some Frenchmen wept, some swore to oppose the invader to the last, and 16 inhabitants of the French capital committed suicide. But the overwhelming majority of Parisians did not escape to the south nor did they start preparing guerrilla warfare or terrorist actions or, at the very least, paint "*Vive la France*" on the walls of their houses. After circulating for a few days among the German uniforms, one of the popular dance-band leaders wrote that it did not make him particularly uneasy. Another witness remembered later that he had shared some champagne with the enemy without suffering much remorse. It was business as usual; the theater, the stock exchange, the Ecole Normal Supérieure, and, of course, the races at Longchamp and Auteuil were reopened within a few days. People were swimming and boating in the Grande Jatte. A holiday atmosphere prevailed, Simone de Beauvoir noted:

> When the car stopped close to a bridge, a German soldier threw us a bar of chocolate from the truck. Some of them were standing beside the road, chatting very cheerfully with a group of pretty girls. 'There'll be plenty of little Germans on the way soon,' the driver remarked to me. I've heard this phrase a dozen times never with a hint of censure attached to it. 'It is just human nature,' said the driver....

The story told by Mr. Pryce-Jones in his new book is fascinating but it does not answer the question of what had become of the *furia francese*, of patriotism, indeed of the elementary feeling of dignity. The explanations, in broad outline, are well known: the huge losses suffered by France in World War I caused a wave of pacifism and ultimately also of defeatism. The same was true, of course to a lesser degree, in Britain, whereas in Germany the reaction was exactly the opposite. Parliamentary democracy was not favored by the French right, the alliance with Britain was never really popular, and there was, with some notable exceptions, grudging admiration for Hitler, who, everything considered, seemed preferable not only to Léon Blum but also to the Daladiers, Herriots, and Paul Reynauds.

There were small fascist groups in France, but the same was true in most European countries and this certainly does not explain why France, at least during the first two or three years of the war, became the classical country of collaboration. The French fascists were fanatics or madmen, or both; Ernst Juenger noted that Céline "turned in on himself, had the staring look of a maniac." The Germans, it is true, encouraged collaboration in France, whereas the Poles and the Czechs were treated as *Untermenschen*; no one was interested in their good will. But again, this does not explain the extent of collaboration in France which manifested itself in countless denunciations by voluntary informers to the German authorities. The occupiers, after all, were also on their best behavior in Belgium and Holland and Norway, and yet no one, except some fool or scoundrel, would have said or written that his country as a result of foreign occupation was "invigorated," that collaboration, as one of them put it, was "Mozart in Paris."

Again, it could be argued with much justice that to oppose the occupying power was a risky endeavor and that it is unrealistic to expect most people to act like heroes. Thus one can find excuses even for fashion designers and the owners of the famous restaurants and luxury shops; they had to make a living, even though fraternization went a bit far. With a little effort one can even think of mitigating circumstances for the French Communists; *Humanité* wrote on July 14, 1940, (what a fine sense of timing!) that it was particularly comforting, in these times of misfortune, to see numerous Paris workers striking up friendships with German soldiers. Communist policy, after all, was dictated by the party line; it is also true that a year later, after Hitler had invaded the Soviet Union, their attitude changed radically.

Most difficult to understand, even with the benefit of hindsight, is the behavior of so many intellectuals, including the Sartres, the Camus, the Merleau-Pontys, and the others who were to emerge as leading moralists after the war. In years to come they were to protest against injustice all over the globe, but in 1940 they did not even bother to move on to the unoccupied zone nor indeed did Picasso or Joliot-Curie. They went on to publish their books and stage their plays approved by the German censor, to contribute to collaborationist magazines, to attend German sponsored exhibitions and concerts. "Most had no alternative if they were to make a living," Mr. Pryce-Jones says, noting that Jean Guehenno was virtually alone among established authors in Paris in deciding not to publish so long as the occupation lasted: he made a living by teaching at a lycée. Mr. Pryce-Jones, unless he writes tongue in cheek, is a little too charitable. Others could have acted similarly, and there were a great many openings in various walks of life, probably less intellectually stimulating and perhaps less financially rewarding. A more dignified stand would not even have involved great risks; a refusal to write for collaborationist periodicals and Radio Paris would not have led automatically to arrest by the Gestapo and unspeakable tortures, nor would the Maurice Chevaliers and Danielle Darieux have been shot at dawn had they been unwilling to tour Germany.

NEEDLESS to say, it is manifestly unfair to single out individuals at a time when almost the whole intelligentsia was put to a historical test—and failed it. Poor Sacha Guitry and a few writers who had been a little too zealous (or perhaps just incautious) had to serve as scapegoats after the war; with equal justice one could have picked on more weighty figures of the literary and artistic establishment.

After Stalingrad and the Allied landing in North Africa attitudes began to change gradually; German occupation also became a little rougher and supplies were no longer abundant. In the end, everyone, or almost everyone, became a resistant. It was almost refreshing to come across someone who admitted he had not been active one way or another for the Allied victory and the liberation of his country. Yet many people quite definitely were not resist-

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ants. The madam who owned the famous establishment at 122 rue de Provence and who later wrote, "I can say I have never been so happy," about the years of the occupation was of course an extreme case. But the gay parties did go on almost to the end, the Germans by and large had a very good time in Paris during the war, and Allied attempts to organize resistance often failed because there were so many informers.

Thus the question asked initially—"Why France?"—remains unanswered. It was not just the shock of the military defeat of 1940, or the general lethargy of the public noted by the Gestapo in its internal reports. This leads inevitably to the belief that there was something rotten in the state of France. One could point to other cases of widespread collaboration that were not less striking—the Italian intelligentsia under Mussolini was an obvious case, and its subsequent conversion to resistance not less comic. But in Italy the dictatorship was at least home-grown, not imposed from abroad, and the situation therefore is not quite comparable.

There is, of course, a moral in the story skillfully told by David Pryce-Jones. For a while it was pondered by a generation of Frenchmen and -women. By now more than 40 years have passed since the German tanks appeared on the Champs Elysées and to this generation Henri Pétain and Pierre Laval may seem as distant as Napoleon III. But the totalitarian temptation still exists, even though some wish to ban the term from our dictionary: so does the instinctive readiness to give in to pressure from outside. Some of the smaller European countries behaved with courage under foreign occupation. But how would they react today? One hopes Western Europe will not be put to the test. In 1870, at the time of the war between France and Germany, Friedrich Engels, shrewd observer of the international scene, noted that money-making Europe was no longer able and willing to launch a truly national resistance against foreign occupation. The story of Paris in the Third Reich, and certain more recent indications, seem to bear Engels out. In Eastern Europe, admittedly, the situation is a little different: they have not been very good at money-making, but, on the other hand, they usually behave in rather beastly ways toward would-be occupants.

WALTER LAQUEUR

Walter Laqueur is chairman of the International Research Council of the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University.

NEW FRONTIERS IN PSYCHIATRY

Mind, Mood, and Medicine: A Guide to the New Biopsychiatry by Paul H. Wender and Donald F. Klein

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $16.95)

It is likely that, in psychiatric circles, some time around 1980 will be recognized as the end of the Freudian era. In the U.S., though not in Great Britain, psychoanalysis has been the dominant force in psychiatry for over 40 years; that is, since the U.S. received the flood of psychoanalysts from Central Europe who were seeking asylum from the Nazis. The roll call is impressive. Erich Fromm, Franz Alexander, Hanns Sachs, Karen Horney, Ernst Kris, Otto Fenichel, and Heinz Hartmann are among the better known. In 1926 the International Psychoanalytic Association had 294 members. In 1977 there were 4,000, of whom half lived in the U.S. Psychoanalysis established itself as the premier form of psychiatric treatment, and the majority of psychiatrists in positions of power and influence served their psychoanalytic apprenticeships and became members of one of the psychoanalytic institutes. Psychiatrists in training came to have as their ideal career the lucrative private practice of psychoanalysis. Patients who were too ill to benefit from psychoanalysis and psychiatrists who cared for such patients in mental hospitals were both regarded as second-class citizens. Psychoanalysis was so uncritically applied

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that all kinds of patients whom Freud himself would have rejected as quite unsuitable were subjected to this form of treatment; and some psychoanalysts struggled fruitlessly for years to analyze chronic schizophrenics, in spite of the fact that they seldom showed any appreciable response. As one young psychoanalyst remarked: "The wonderful thing about psychoanalysis is that even if the patient doesn't get better, you know you are doing the right thing."

The pendulum was bound to swing; and this lucidly written book by two American professors of psychiatry illustrates an approach to mental disorder which, though familiar in Great Britain, is less so in the U.S.

Physical methods of treatment for the more severe types of mental disorder date from the discovery, in 1917, that syphilis of the brain could be cured by giving patients suffering from it a high fever. The hope that this would benefit other conditions was disappointed. But other methods of physical treatment, such as insulin coma and electroconvulsive therapy, were introduced during the 1930s, and at least some of those suffering from schizophrenia and the severer forms of depressive illness appeared to benefit.

IN THE 1950s, the so-called "antipsychotic" drugs were discovered. Chlorpromazine and its derivatives have, without doubt, made it possible for many schizophrenics to live outside the hospital who would otherwise be confined permanently. Although the drugs do not cure whatever abnormality is the "cause" of schizophrenia, any more than the administration of insulin "cures" diabetes, their discovery is one of the major reasons for reducing the mental hospital population. Like all effective drugs, they produce unwanted side effects. Later, two types of drugs that relieved certain forms of depression were discovered: the tricyclic antidepressants and the awkwardly named monoamine oxidase inhibitors. Later still, lithium was found to benefit those suffering from manic-depressive mood swings. As commonly happens in medicine, the effects of these drugs were usually discovered by accident. The phenothiazines were originally intended as premedication for patients undergoing surgery. Because they were effective sedatives, they were tried on agitated schizophrenics and, to everyone's surprise, diminished hallucinations and delusions. The anti-depressants were originally developed to treat schizophrenics, but were actually found to relieve severe depression.

We are still far from understanding how these drugs work. What they do seems to alter the balance of neurotransmitters within the brain, that is, to increase or diminish the amounts of those chemical agents which are concerned with the transmission of impulses between one cell and another in the enormously complex circuits upon which cerebral activity depends.

There seems little doubt that some of the more severe types of mental disorder have a basis in biological malfunction of the brain, an opinion that is reinforced by genetic research. It has been conclusively demonstrated that the worst of all mental illnesses, schizophrenia, is more the product of inheritance than of adverse environmental circumstances. This is not to deny that a tense, stressful family may have an effect in precipitating a schizophrenic breakdown or causing relapse, as British studies have shown. But the genetic factor, as in so-called "psychosomatic" diseases like asthma, is certainly the more important.

Genetic components in depression are not so well established, partly because depression is an umbrella term covering a wide variety of conditions. The authors are at pains to distinguish what they call "vital depression" from other types. They believe that this type of depression is genetically and physiologically caused, and that it often goes unrecognized. It is characterized by the sudden onset of depressed mood, a specific type of insomnia, loss of appetite for both food and sex, and, above all, an inability to respond to experience that usually brings pleasure. Not everyone will agree that depression showing biological features is different in kind, rather than simply different in intensity, from the sort of depression that we all suffer in response to bereavement or failure; but the authors do make a strong case for the administration of anti-depressant drugs in such cases rather than relying on psychotherapy. Their overall view is

> that genetic factors may make an individual vulnerable to certain forms of psychological experience: in this vulnerable person, these psychological experiences may in turn alter brain functioning and thus alter later psychological experience: medication can, in some instances, restore the disturbed chemical functioning of the brain.

It would be difficult to disagree with this essentially modest statement, except, perhaps, with the authors' use of the word "restore." Drugs that have to be taken continuously to avoid relapse, like the phenothiazines, do not restore normal function, though they may control or mask abnormal function. Not until we know far more than we do about the normal functioning of neurotransmitters and about the endocrine system will we understand what these drugs are really doing.

While most British psychiatrists would agree with this main outline of the authors' contentions, they might not agree with their treatment of more controversial topics. One such interesting discussion is on the subject of "separation-anxiety." Many young animals loudly protest when separated from nest or parent, a biological response that usually ensures the return of the wandering parent. However, if young monkeys or children find that crying produces no response, they become despairing, inactive, and, finally, detached. The biological utility of these responses is, first, to cause conservation of internal resources through inactivity, and, second, to initiate the dissolution of bonds of affection, thus freeing the individual to form new ties. Some human individuals are especially prone to separation-anxiety, which manifests itself in children who are phobic about going to school and in adults who suffer from agoraphobia. Wender and Klein claim that both agoraphobic adults and school-phobic children respond to anti-depressant drugs. "We conjecture that one common component of a potential depressive's biology is an increased susceptibility to distress when separated from loved ones."

EVERYONE is familiar with those people, often female, whose behavior is dominated by their need for approval by others, and who histrionically and egocentrically demand attention and applause. Usually employing every conventional device of seduction, they are often sexually unresponsive and incapable of the kind of love that requires self-sacrifice or appreciation of the needs of others. Such patients are known in Britain as "hysterical personalities," but Klein and Wender give them the distasteful label of "hysteroid

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dysphorics." They claim that many respond favorably to the kind of antidepressant referred to above as a monoamine oxidase inhibitor; but this is a claim for which many psychiatrists would require more convincing evidence than the authors supply.

Are we to envisage a time when all human unhappiness and all difficulties in human relationships will be treated with drugs rather than with psychotherapy? It is one of the virtues of this book that the authors recognize that one or other form of psychotherapy may be the treatment of choice in certain types of mental distress. Moreover, even in those conditions that are best treated initially with drugs, the authors recognize that psychotherapy may and should play an important subsidiary role. The authors complain that psychiatrists who have a balanced appreciation of what both drug therapy and psychotherapy can do are hard to find, while wholehearted believers in one or the other are all too common. I have no doubt that a new generation of psychiatrists is on the way that will be better informed and less fanatical than the previous one. In the distant future, our successors will understand enough about both brain chemistry and personality development to comprehend that difficult area in which body and mind are barely distinguishable.

ANTHONY STORR

Anthony Storr's most recent book is *The Art of Psychotherapy* (Methuen). He is a British psychoanalyst.

AUSPICIOUS DEBUTS

Lessons
by Lee Zacharias
(Houghton Mifflin; $12.95)

Easy Travel to Other Planets
by Ted Mooney
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $11.95)

Like religion, literature has from its origins focused on death as a hub from which work, fame, desire, marriage, and parenthood fan out in endlessly revolving spokes. Both of these absorbing and intelligent first novels agree that death is at the center of our lives. Although they are strikingly different books in mood, emphasis, and treatment, it is interesting that they reach very much the same conclusion about the perennial subject.

Lee Zacharias preserves and clarifies the past through the voice of her heroine, Jane Hurdle, now a mature and successful musician, and it is a remarkable voice—funny, insightful, able to range comfortably from a teenager's easy slang to an adult's rhapsody and elegy. Although this is very much a modern character study and coming-of-age novel, underneath Jane's contemporary voice lurks the traditional tale now mass-produced and stacked between the candy and cigarettes at the supermarket: that of the spunky orphan who surmounts poverty and a few villains on her way to fame, fortune, and a marriage proposal from a rogue in a black eye-patch. The tale has great appeal, especially to women, and it is part of the legacy that Zacharias is eager to restore. Snow White and Jane Eyre stand close behind Ms. Hurdle.

Actually this Jane is only half an orphan. Instead of a wicked stepmother she has a resentfully widowed mother who teaches her to feel guilty for every lively impulse that might lift her out of the mood of mourning that pervades not only their house but their Midwestern working-class town as well. Sarcasm brings some relief from her pent-up anger, and learning to play the clarinet brings beauty, distinction, and eventually a scholarship to college. Yet wise-cracking girls festooned with gold medals are never popular, so even her

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best escapes ultimately leave her even more alone. It is an unjust paradox that those who receive the least love can least afford to lose it.

Until Jane reaches college *Lessons* is a deft and poignant comedy of adolescence in the early 1960s. Then, when she falls in love for the first time, the book takes on rare emotional power. Looking back 15 years later, the narrator conveys a profound ambivalence and convinces us that 18-year-old girls floundering comically through sorority bids and blind dates are capable of tragic choices. Jane turns down a marriage proposal from a conventional fellow student because she yearns for a broader life than raising babies. Nonetheless, her passions and her bent for self-punishment get her expelled from college, and she rebounds into an even more suffocating marriage with a professor 20 years her senior whom she scarcely even likes.

And here, like Jane's life, the novel runs into problems of organization. Usually when the protagonist annihilates himself the play ends, and Zacharias has done a sweeping job of persuading us that this marriage means annihilation for Jane. Thus it's jarring when the book grinds into a different gear, bumps through some confusing shifts in time, and proceeds to depict a 14-year relationship. The idea is that Jane has married Ben to punish herself. This is difficult to dramatize at length, however, and too often Jane stops seeming the victim of her own warring strengths and needs and instead dwindles into the victim of poor plump lascivious Ben. The portrait of him is acute, but a novel about even a sentimental bluebeard must sustain the suspense of the heroine's gradual realization of the cage she has eagerly entered; if instead the heroine gives a lucid account of her husband's faults in the opening pages and then repeats the diagnosis for nearly a decade and a half, as Jane does, she only succeeds in reminding us that no long marriage can be this black and white.

These are problems of focus in a book that is always a great pleasure to read and is often superb. Jane's wry view of her stepdaughter is amusing, her flirtations are vivid, her tender relationship with her brother, his death, and her own long depression are very moving, and so is her awakening from it, which follows her mother's death and the success of her music. Her last "lesson" comes from her final lover, a witty, relaxed, and—except for his Swiss bank account—fairly believable young carpenter. From him she learns that she has been so paralyzed by the threat of any more death and abandonment that she has been afraid to live.

Ted Mooney, in contrast, is fascinated with the future. As its title suggests, his novel has overtones of science fiction: people have begun to suffer from "information sickness," a psychic overload brought on by the news that assaults them on every side; popular music has turned into abstract puzzles; uranium has been discovered in Antarctica; and by the end of the book, Mooney's protagonists—a driven female scientist and a philosophical dropout architect—develop ESP to cope with the rapid-fire changes in place, time, and mood that technology such as airplanes and telephones has visited upon relationships. The future is definitely upon these people, but the people are recognizably ourselves and the time is very close to now: Mooney is using these imaginative devices to crystallize confusions that we already face. In fact the structure of *Easy Travel to Other Planets* owes far less to science fiction than to the murder mystery—though the weapon is given to us at the beginning, leaving us to wonder what forms the violence will take. If Jane Hurdle's long depression in *Lessons* was reminiscent of Snow White's sleep, here the main character's cool eye for the real story behind the headlines owes much of its appeal to Philip Marlowe.

The reader, too, suffers a touch of information sickness by the time this hypnotic and compacted story ends. Along with the effects of rapid travel and communication, Mooney manages to pack in the fate of the family, the nature of art, the changing nature of science, twins, dolphins, death, and a brand new emotion, related to ESP. Even the moon itself glides on stage to deliver a few lines. Mooney is a deeply provocative writer, in all senses of the words, skilled enough at showing the ways in which these intellectual sounding subjects actually pump hearts that he could well have slowed down his plot to pay a little more attention to the motivations of the people. Instead they merely are like good cartoons, distinct at a glance but never developed. For this reason, although both of the novels' climaxes are brilliantly written, they are far less persuasive than the quiet scenes.

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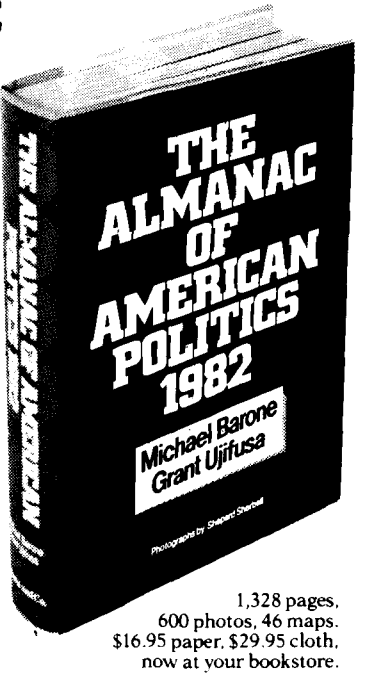

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Perhaps the most surprising thing about so self-conscious a book is how unabashedly romantic it is, a tale of heroes and quests, with few of the usual ironic twists that assure the reader that the author knows it's all a game. This author, with his opening quotation from Levi-Strauss, does know perfectly well that it's a game, of course, but he plays it flat out and, on the whole, wins, sweeping us straight under the spell of his loquacious moon. Partly this is because, like his namesake, Mooney is such a beautiful and inventive stylist that he could make virtually any hocus-pocus work for a chapter or two, but it is mostly because he uses his taut style to convey a single emotion with relentless force, the same old dread of annihilation that is still, he makes clear, the fossil fuel that drives his pill-popping characters toward their high-speed futures. Every character is isolated. One is dying, two do die, and by the end the survivors conclude that the best they can do for each other is just to stay alive. Staying together is even harder. One character is driven to murder someone she loves to preserve an important relationship, another appears to cripple himself to accomplish the same thing. The sex that keeps them all so busy seems at best to relieve their embarrassment at aching to be close and trusting in a world where every new invention makes it easier for everybody to abandon everybody else. In the throes of desire the dropout architect suddenly realizes the degree to which it is composed of fear, including the fear of not being able to feel, which is a constant hazard for people like these who flatter themselves on being risk-takers and explorers, since one form of courage is numbness. And one escape from numbness is the violence that stalks the book.

Despite their many differences, both of these novels finally point toward marriage as the best resolution for their characters, not because it will guarantee them a happy ending but, to the contrary, because frankly hinging their destinies on those of other mortals will teach them to look straight at the inevitable ending that has been haunting them all along. Both books view marriage less as a refuge than as the kind of risk that only adults dare to face with open eyes. As Jane Hurdle asks, "And what if . . . we find that we have been in love but it was only temporary? It is not fair that, in a world where life and death are luck, we have, day by day, to make decisions, to balance on our mortal toes in an eternity of imagination."

MEREDITH MARSH

Meredith Marsh's latest novel is *Eating Cake* (Coward, McCann, Geoghegan).

THE WRITER FROM CORK

Frank O'Connor: Collected Stories
introduction by Richard Ellman

(Knopf; $20)

The first collection of stories by Frank O'Connor (Michael O'Donovan) appeared in London in 1931: "Guests of the Nation." Although the title story was a hard piece of tragedy, and although the note of tragedy echoed again and again throughout the book, the dominant impression left was that the writer was genuinely enjoying, for their own sake you might say, the things he was writing about—guns, manhunts, ambushes, attacks on barracks, racing, chasing, battling, and all the rest of it.

So it seemed to me when I first read the stories: and 30 years ago and on a second reading, for the sake of writing about O'Connor and others, I wrote that the revolution did not freeze O'Connor's people into rigid and somber meditation, as it did with the people in the stories of his predecessor and sometime teacher, Daniel Corkery; instead it set them moving as a windy day might set a streetful of men chasing their hats. That was written when men still wore hats; and I added: "Of the fifteen stories in that book only four did not deal directly with armed revolution, so that the activities of the flying columns of the Irish underground gave him his start as a writer of prose-fiction."

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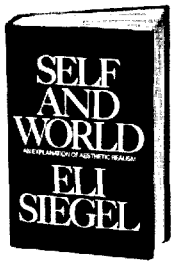

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Now, confronted with this great collection of 67 of his stories, and rereading them against the background of Ireland as it is today, other opinions are forced on me. Consider the story called, simply enough, "Freedom," which comes out of the writer's experience when he endured internment during the Irish civil war of the 1920s.

Most of our Irish movements are such muddles that it always seems necessary to explain that in the 1920s there was what we Irish, some of us, call the War of Independence, or, less grandly, the Black and Tan War, followed by a truce and a treaty with Britain, followed by a brutal civil war between those who did and did not accept the treaty. Flann O'Brien kept insisting that every Irish national movement must have a split. As a young man O'Connor took the side of those called the Irregulars (but not so-called by themselves) who rejected the treaty.

The split he writes about in the story "Freedom" takes place in the internment camp on the Curragh of Kildare while the British are still in control. Within the obvious limits the internees rule and discipline themselves and one of them comes into conflict with the authority, if that's the word, set up among his fellows. He tells his closest friend there that to gain his point he will go on a hunger strike, and his friend reflects in a way that just at the moment makes odd reading:

> The moment he spoke I knew he had found the answer. It was what we politicals always did when the British tried to make ordinary convicts of us. And it put the staff in an impossible position. Steadily more and more they had allowed themselves to become more tyrannical than the British themselves, and Mick's hunger-strike showed it up clearly. If Mick were to die on hunger-strike—and I knew him well enough to know he would rather than give in—no one would ever take the staff seriously again as suffering Irish patriots. And even if they wished to let him die, they might find it difficult, because without our even having to approach the British directly we involved them as well. As our legal jailers they would hate to see Mick die on anyone else's hands. The British are very jealous of privileges like that.

The narrator is puzzled by it all: because they are supposed to be fighting for liberty and the incident has revealed to him that he can't define what he means by liberty. He is depressed because he realizes that if there is no liberty then there is no escape. Out beyond the barbed wire were the wide fields of Ireland, but they were not wide enough: "Choice was an illusion. Seeing that a man can never really get out of jail, the great thing is to ensure that he gets into the biggest possible one with the largest possible range of modern amenities."

Mercifully only a little of the world of this large book is about matters so immediately harrowing: and they were then simpler, cleaner, and more clearcut than in these days of gangrenous despair. For several decades O'Connor was to move about over the wide fields of Ireland or, depending on his mood, in the small constricting island of Ireland and in and out of its provincial towns: and to write or talk about all that with wide understanding and humor and, at times, with a withering Cork wit. He said once that the only compliment some of his countrymen had ever paid him was to think that he had written the original of the Brian Merriman poem that he and a few others had translated as "The Midnight Court."

Richard Ellman says very well that these wonderful stories are generous in spirit and acute in perception, that they sum up a provincial culture in terms that are less provincial but never cosmopolitan. O'Connor, in one of his irritated moments, referred to Dublin as a provincial hole: but then he was a Corkman, and it is well known that the genteel ladies among the faded glories of Montenotte always held that Cork was more continental than Dublin. Professor Saintsbury said, quite rightly, that Ibsen was a provincial, and Professor Saintsbury could have been a character in an Ibsen play.

The vast bulk of O'Connor's work was, as we know, in the short story, but he also wrote two novels; works of criticism on Shakespeare, the novel, and the short story; two books of autobiography; two books about Ireland; a biography of Michael Collins; an early book of verse, "Three Old Brothers"; and a superb volume of translations from the Irish, "Kings, Lords and Commons." His views on the novel and the short story and the relation of Irish writers to both forms were doggedly original although not held, in conversation at any rate, with any great acerbity; he was too gracious for that. But there were moments when he seemed to hold that James Joyce lost his vocation when one of his short stories got out of hand and developed into a lengthy and eccentric novel.

He was prepared to argue that William Carleton did not speak Irish, although it was fairly obvious that if he did not, he could only imperfectly have understood or conversed with his father and mother. In his opinions, as in his stories, there was a humorous divil always lurking. He realized that when, as a young man, he laughingly wrote his self-portrait:

> Last Sunday morning,
> Sitting on the tram,
> I found myself beside a priest,
> A fat and gloomy man:
> I looked over his shoulder
> And I read *namguam*.
> Now I happened to be reading
> *Les Amours de Madame*,
> And even though he scowled at me
> I didn't give a damn.
> And that just shows you
> The sort I am.

The mood, often acted upon, of that jingle acquired for him in the 1940s and 1950s the reputation of being a wild man. But in the days of the Censorship of Publications Board every Irish writer worth talking about had a somewhat similar reputation in the eyes of some of his (or her) compatriots. There was a story which he told to the late Francis

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MacManus, a fine novelist, that once he found himself on a railway dining car with an elderly parish priest, and the old man recognized him and said quite affably: "Ah, you're the man who eloped with Mrs. Curtis and wrote 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'" Thereby confusing four authors, only three of them Irish.

But the prevailing mood is generosity and a vast sympathy, and if he had the humor of the lanes of Cork he has also their rigid respectability: all those good little mothers, all those understanding stories about children, all those guileless Irish boys going over to England to learn about love. Where I come from it used to be said that the young Irish worker would ask on his first Sunday in England where he could get Mass, and on his second Sunday where he could get overtime: and after witnessing an unrestrained night at a folk festival in Mullingar, John Montague wrote the notable lines:

> Puritan Ireland's dead and gone:
> A myth of O'Connor and O'Faolain.

Yet in all its twists, evasions, irrationalities, wisdoms, and generosities, he knew the Irish character inside out: and in one of his four greatest stories, "The Long Road to Ummera," he wrote so splendidly of the poetic triumph of tradition, decency or old dacency, a subtly different thing, and of the will of a valiant woman. Only one complaint: one of the four, "The Holy Door," is not in this collection.

BENEDICT KIELY

Benedict Kiely is the author of *The State of Ireland* (Godine).

MYSTERIES

A mixed bag this month, beginning with a very happy debut. Liza Cody is an English writer who understands restraint and who knows that most crimes are less dramatic than the press would have us believe. Less is more in *Dupe* (Scribner's; $9.95), which is about an illegal operation for making duplicate films to send to third world countries, and also about the various ways real human beings dupe themselves into justifying any of a number of poses: dedicated, laid-back, aloof, committed. The work is sophisticated, subtle, appealing; it is also a good story, and the London setting combines just that attractive/genteel poverty combination so appropriate to our self-duped notion of British crime. The conclusion, done more with a whimper than a bang, is just right. This is an auspicious beginning, and one hopes that Ms. Cody can continue in the same low-key manner, for there is more reality here (and thus more entertainment) than in a dozen John Gardners imitating Ian Fleming.

Or in R. Wright Campbell's *Malloy's Subway* (Atheneum; $12.95), which purports to be about the bag ladies and others who inhabit the inner recesses of New York's filthy subway system. Malloy is a subway cop, having taken several bullets in the gut while a regular police officer; he is also obsessively wed to the subways, so that when a series of random killings begin, with the obviously disturbed murderer dropping Monopoly cards to warn the police about the location of the next killing, he alone is likely to spot the pattern. (Boardwalk = Coney Island; get it?) There is a good bit of aimless chatter, the kind of dialogue that is meant to be realistic, and that no human being actually ever uttered, and much over-writing of the kind that marred Campbell's *Circus Couronne*, already sufficiently marred by errors of historical nuance relating to the Hapsburg Empire.

There are three interesting scholarly books this month. James Brabazon's *Dorothy L. Sayers* (Scribner's; $14.95) is a well-written, careful biography by a British television producer and writer who once knew the divine Dorothy. The biography is clear, competent, and honest, and it gives us the answers to any number of questions, for those who thought them relevant, about Miss Sayers's illegitimate son and his father. While not the last word, one suspects, this is much the best biography of Sayers that we are likely to have for some time.

Then there is a new book by that sleuth upon the crossroads between literature and crime, Albert Borowitz, In *The Woman Who Murdered Black Satin* (Ohio State University Press; $17.50), Borowitz looks closely at the so-called Bermondsey Horror, the murder of Patrick O'Connor by his mistress and her husband. The case provides Borowitz with an opportunity to explore the Victorian conscience, and attitudes toward science, as well as toward presenting a dramatic trial.

Are tawdry crimes and the lives of the writers who "merely" give us pleasure worth the attention scholars lavish on them? That is a question persistently raised by such scholarship. The Bowling Green University Popular Press inevitably answers yes, and, in a recent collection of essays edited by Louis Filler, pursues the question of quality in diverse ways. *Seasoned Authors for a New Season: The Search for Standards in Popular Writing* ($15.95) contains much that is earnest, a bit that is silly, and a bit more than is informative and valuable. Finding the mean between overly serious scholarship, filled with angst and primal scenes, and frivolous summaries of the obvious based on recounting plots for those who are nostalgic for more books from author X or Y, is difficult. Crime criticism tends to be self-indulgent, and this collection shows its weaknesses and strengths.

ROBIN W. WINKS

BRIEF REVIEWS

Practicing History: Selected Essays by Barbara W. Tuchman

(Knopf; $16.50)

The salient literary quality of these 33 essays, speeches, and occasional columns is their high-buffed charm. Mrs. Tuchman describes herself as "a writer first whose subject is history," and as a writer she consistently achieves her aim, "a clear running prose that is simple yet full of surprises." She is succinct, is as attentive to her audience as a great hostess, and is aristocratically casual in the way she makes her points. In short, charming.

Her distinction as a stylist owes more to application than to nature, to judge by the many strategies to "hook" the reader that she catalogues in a brace of essays on her craft. Her trademark is the artful use of arresting detail. In "History by the Ounce" she relates that her favorite detail in *The Guns of August* "is the one about the Grand Duke Nicholas, who was so tall (six foot six) that when he established headquarters

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in a railroad car his aid pinned up a fringe of white paper over the doorway to remind him to duck his head." That detail brings Nicholas before us, but it is not historically resonant, whereas the fact that H. H. Rogers, an oil tycoon of the 1890s, identified himself simply as "Capitalist" in *Who's Who* "reveals the social history of a period." Her pointilist method is not just a charming device but a means to evoke the past.

Some of Mrs. Tuchman's reflections on her craft, it must be said, are elementary—for example, her suggestion that the way to infuse the narrative of a past event with suspense is to adopt the point of view of the immediate participants who had no knowledge of the outcome. Still, the essays on craft have the merit of being candid about a subject—the tricks of the writer's trade—that is often etherealized.

Mrs. Tuchman's success, however, has deeper roots than her skill at hooking readers like so many fish. She has been riding a cultural tide. "Given the current decline of the novel and the parallel decline of poetry and drama, public interest has turned to the literature of actuality," she rightly says; "the opportunity," she continues, "is plain for the historian to become the major interpreter in literary experience of man's role in society." For many readers, Mrs. Tuchman's books have been a prime source of that interpretation. Several of these essays—notably "Mankind's Better Moments," the short pieces on Vietnam and Watergate, and the reviews of Henry Kissinger's memoirs and of the Freud/Bullitt psychobiography of Woodrow Wilson—suggest why history written in the Tuchman mold has supplanted the novel as a mode of social understanding: for in each of them Mrs. Tuchman manages at once to accept man in all his imperfections and, conscious of how much the race has achieved between its bouts of destruction, to urge him to do a little better. The novel was once a source of this moral sanity, but it has been a tendency of modernism in the arts to reduce or distort the human image, in order to capture truth in extremity, rather than to present it in this central way. The contemporary novelist typically depicts society as the enemy of autonomy and holds the consciousness of evil a higher thing than the practice of good. By contrast, a historian like Mrs. Tuchman accepts society much as we all do in our daily lives—as a racket, no doubt, but not a complete racket, which does and should have authority with us. She sees her characters' weak spots, but does not look for their essence in weakness. As a historian she knows their sphere of freedom is small, but that does not stop her from celebrating it as a force for renewal.

Ask yourself: would you rather take your image of human possibility from a character in a contemporary novel or from Mrs. Tuchman' depiction of Speaker Reed acting on the high plain of principle in the debate over the annexation of the Philippines, or from her General Stillwell pushing an army up from Burma and contending with enemies without and intrigues within, or from her Coucy, the man who led the last crusade? The answer is clear; millions of readers have voted with their dollars. Mrs. Tuchman's books provide them with examples that lift the level of their lives. Before the academic deluge this was what history was supposed to do—to teach philosophy by example—and few writers have performed this office more inspiritingly than Barbara Tuchman.

JACK BEATTY

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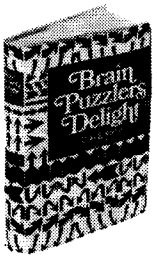

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Spring Moon: A Novel of China by Bette Bao Lord

(Harper & Row; $14.95)

Bette Bao Lord's ambitious new novel, *Spring Moon*, is a family saga which, through its depiction of the activities of various members of the Chang lineage of Soochow, attempts to paint a portrait of the Chinese revolution of this century. In keeping with this dual vision, Mrs. Lord has imbued her protagonists with political convictions of differing hues: Bold Talent is a sort of armchair reformer whose love of China's cultural heritage triumphs over his reformist impulse; Noble Talent is a professional revolutionary dedicated, first, to the overthrow of the Ch'ing dynasty and, later, to the reunification of China under the Nationalist banner; Lustrous Jade is a Communist who joins Mao Tse-tung on the Long March; and so on. The thread that weaves this episodic story of the Changs together is the novel's titular heroine, herself curiously apolitical, who is born during the reign of the Kuang-hsu Emperor (1875-1908) but lives to witness the Communist assumption to power and even the Sino-American rapprochement.

Anyone looking for a subtle treatment of the political issues that have convulsed China over the course of the last 100 years will not find it in *Spring Moon*. More successful than her depiction of China's political revolution is Mrs. Lord's dramatization of that country's first cultural revolution, which occurred during the heady days of the May Fourth era (1919-1927). Like her illustrious predecessor, Pa Chin, Mrs. Lord is at her best when chronicling the demise of the traditional social order, in particular the collapse of the Chinese family system and the Confucian ideals which underlay it.

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The Changs of Soochow comprise what sociologists call a "joint" or "extended" family—that is, a family consisting of several generations of fathers and sons living with their wives under the same roof, sharing their labor and their wealth under the supervision of the eldest male of the eldest generation. Unlike Pa Chin, however, who (writing in the 1930s) holds the phenomenon of the joint family in contempt and wallows in portraying its demise, Mrs. Lord views the putatively "feudal" society of pre-liberation days with an ambivalence which endows her novel with a peculiar poignancy.

Having grown up, in the late 19th century, behind the high stone walls that enclose the Changs' spacious compound, Spring Moon is the epitome of feminine virtue, traditionally defined. Because, however, she fully subscribes to such cherished Confucian ideals as filial piety and humility (in women), Spring Moon frequently finds herself at odds with her "modern" daughter, who, as a member of the iconoclastic May Fourth generation of Chinese intellectuals and a Communist to boot, will have no traffic with Confucian notions of duty and honor. Lustrous Jade has evidently taken to heart Ch'en Tu-hsiu's famous "Call to Youth" ("be independent, not servile; progressive, not conservative; aggressive, not retiring"), for she devotes all her youthful energies to defying, indeed destroying, both the House of Chang as a corporate entity and the world view which its members for untold generations have shared. The interest of Mrs. Lord's novel lies precisely here, in her depiction of the clashes between Spring Moon and her daughter, old values and new, which constitute a principal motif of modern Chinese cultural history.

JOEY BONNER

Joey Bonner is affiliated with the John King Fairbank Center for East Asian Research, Harvard University.

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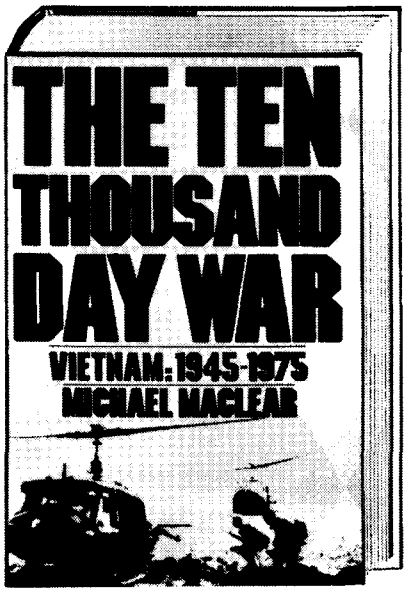

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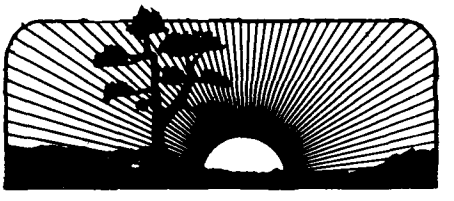

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AFGHAN DIARIST

The Empty Land

"THERE IS NO Afghan nation. Aside from Babrak Karmal, no one is ready to die for the Afghan nation. Our strength—our soul—lies in our tribes, the only thing we are all willing to die for. These self-styled leaders amount to nothing; they represent nothing. They are fleas in the hair of our warriors." There is nothing of the fanatic about the man who is speaking. With his sunken cheeks and long dark hair, he resembles an Afghan counterpart of Antonin Artaud. Born in a family of "traditional literati," at home in Persian studies and Western culture, he was one of Afghanistan's most renowned journalists. Now, 22 months after the Soviet invasion, he is a young guerrilla who comes to Peshawar in northwestern Pakistan between battles to find weapons. I'll call him Amin. We are in Karachi. He, Marek Halter, Renzo Rossellini, and I will soon depart with the three radio transmitters we brought with us. He is there with us only because we told him, with all our Parisian self-importance, "We promised the people of France who contributed to the purchase of these radios, that we would deliver them personally to an organization that represents the entire Afghanistan resistance. . . ." But what is this "representative organization"?

"ATTENTION: You are facing Mazar-i-Sharif with Shibarghān to your right and the Russian border 50 kilometers behind you. Climb as high as possible and avoid, if possible, vertical lines. You have 15 minutes to broadcast." This is not Radio Free Kabul. We didn't have time during the night to transport all of our equipment as far as Mazar-i-Sharif on the Soviet border. The scene is the no man's land between Pakistan and Afghanistan. Here, in this rocky wilderness, sheltered from curious observers, Renzo Rossellini and eight Afghanistan technicians produce the first simulated broadcast.

IN DARA, a unique village where craftsmen make and remake for sale every imaginable weapon, Amin introduces us to Abdul, a sharpshooter who is to protect us. We dress in baggy pants and crested turbans designed to make us look like "notable Pashtoon asleep in the back of a Toyota." Our Toyota speeds along the back roads of the north, past the checkpoints where friendly Pakistani policemen watch us. We reach Bajawar, the last tribal outpost before entering Afghanistan.

WE HAVE CLIMBED for four hours along small, twisting trails until we reach the mountaintop. Finally we arrive at the road to Jelalabad, a rocky, bumpy turf which leads to the verdant valley of the Pech. The country resembles anything but the Afghanistan that had been described to us. What we discover, in fact, is a peaceful land: a vast, desolate countryside, oppressive silence, and men who seem made of stone. We see abandoned fields and deserted dwellings with doors banging in the wind. Instead of the feverish activity reported in the news as recently as last winter, a few freedom fighters or black marketeers salute each other with a brief "*Salem Alekom.*" In this ghostly landscape, we could walk from morning to night without finding a single friendly farmhouse or a sanctuary to catch our breath. In the city of Chigal, except for caterpillar tracks several weeks old and a destroyed tank, we do not encounter even the shadow of an enemy soldier. Is Ali right when he declares that the Russians are scared and do not leave their caverns for fear of running into a troop of Mujahidin? Or Aziz, who counters that if we do not see them, it is because there is nothing left to take back or devastate? Or Amin, who points out that Afghanistan is not Vietnam, and that the Red army has learned to control the country without the need to ravage everything in sight? In any case, we have seen the mark of a new strategy: ruling without administrating, occupying without being seen, starving and emptying a country without the expense of a great military effort.

IT IS JUST before midnight and we have stretched out to sleep when a child, furtive and grave at the same time, enters. Standing at the doorstep, he says, "Get up. It is time. They await you outside." But instead of the two sentinels we expect, there are maybe 100 people crouching in the night—an army of shadows, draped in broad shawls. There are children among them, and a few women, and, a little farther back, the graybeards, the elders of the tribe. "My brothers," says Amin simply. "They have come to listen." We follow them on the road poorly lit by the moon, tripping over the rocks they effortlessly avoid. Finally, a circle forms again around an old transistor radio which soon begins to broadcast a magic voice coming from the other valley: "Radio Free Kabul here. First broadcast of free Afghans. The Afghans speak to their Afghanistan brothers. . . ." And then, suddenly, a foolish, irreparable error. Before anyone can stop them, one, two, three, then ten Mujahidin raise their rifles to the sky and fire a shot of joy. The troop shakes itself and then silently descends the trail. It is said that the night belongs to the Mujahidin. But tonight the Mujahidin are only 800 meters from a Soviet fortress. No one speaks as we retrace the entire trek of the day.

ROSSELLINI RETURNS to Dara to see if he can construct a security system able to floodlight the transmitter from a distance. Marek Halter stays in Peshawar to translate cassettes on which Bukovsky and other dissidents address the Soviet soldiers. We have put the final touches on our project which we will propose tomorrow to the new Afghan committee of Radio Free Afghanistan. Some of the Afghan technicians still worry about our Russian broadcasts which, dissident or not, will flood their country with the language of the Soviets. Some, fearful of angering the Pakistanis, propose installing the recording studio in the tribal zone. Amin presents in broad technical and military strokes the programs that are needed. They thank the French government for having helped the Afghan people. And we, a little embarrassed, have to tell him that the French government has really not done all that much. Today we commit ourselves to pursuing the struggle for solidarity, to ensure that the following year in Kabul dozens of new transmitters can broadcast the voice of liberty. Back in Paris will we know how to keep the promise we made to the Afghans, as in Peshawar we were able to keep our promise to the French?

BERNARD-HENRI LÉVY

Bernard-Henri Lévy is the author of *Testament of God* (Harper & Row). This article was translated from the French by Leonard Mayhew.

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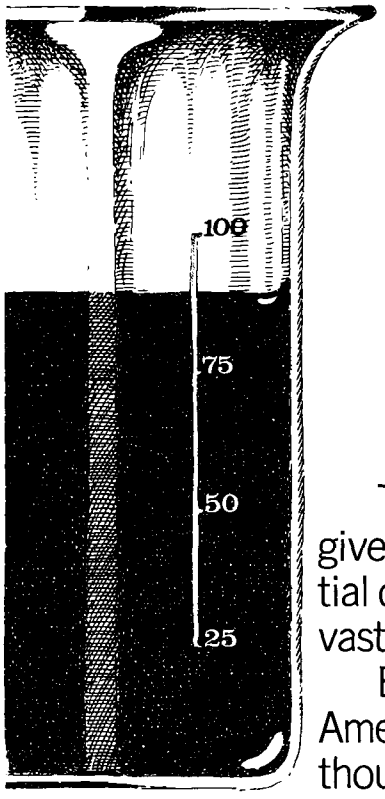

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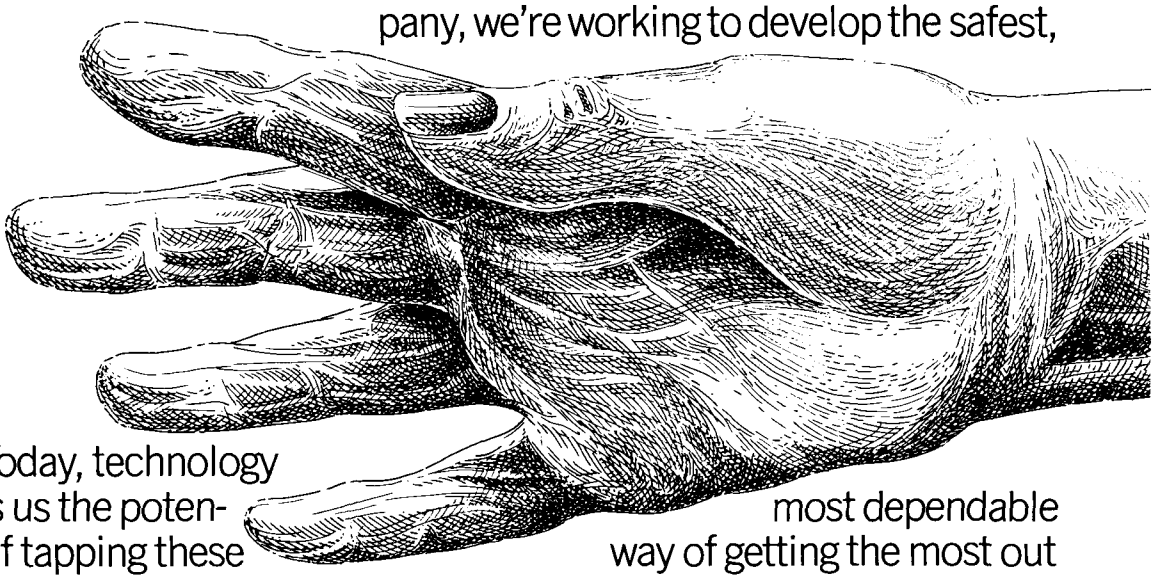

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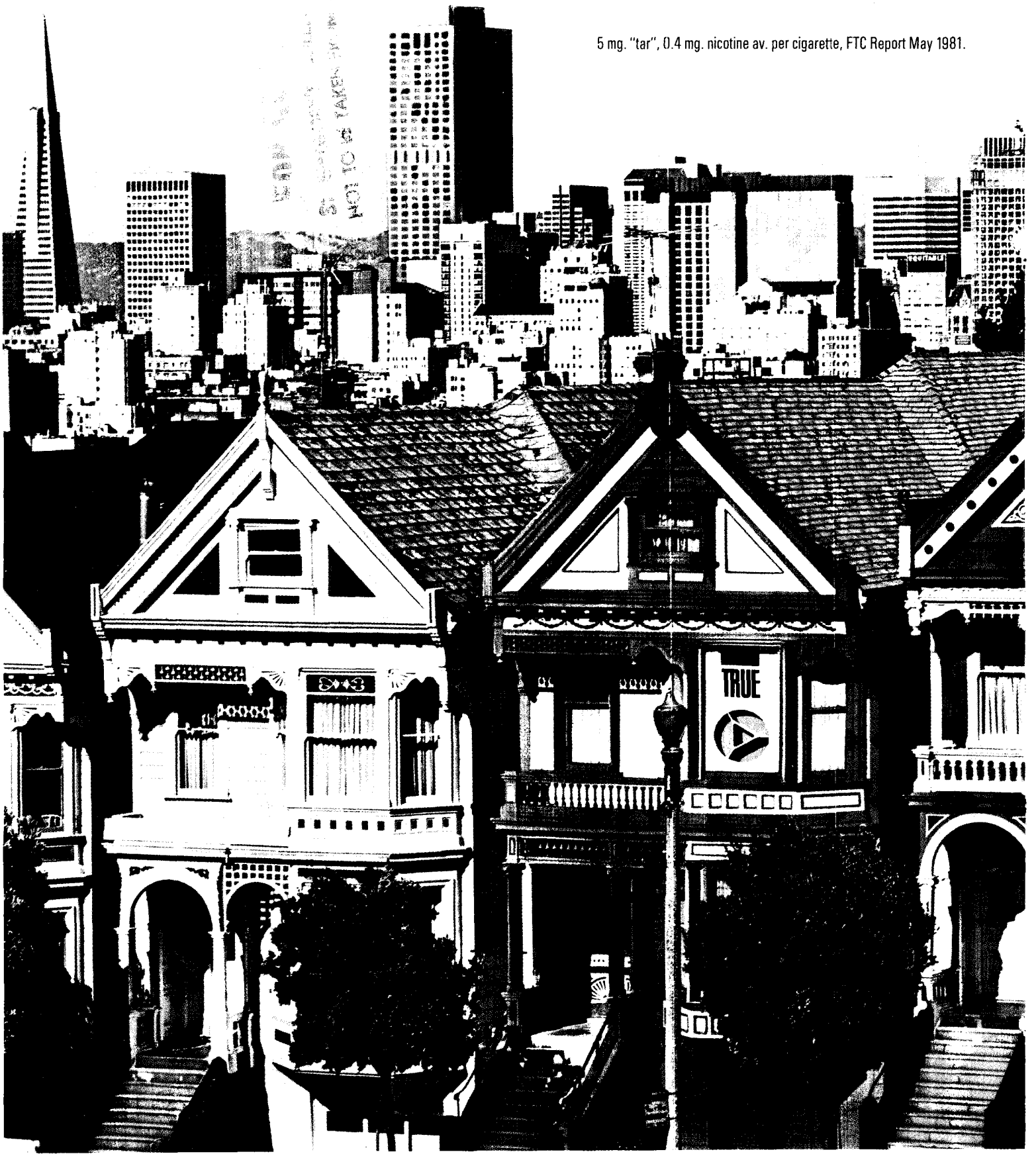

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